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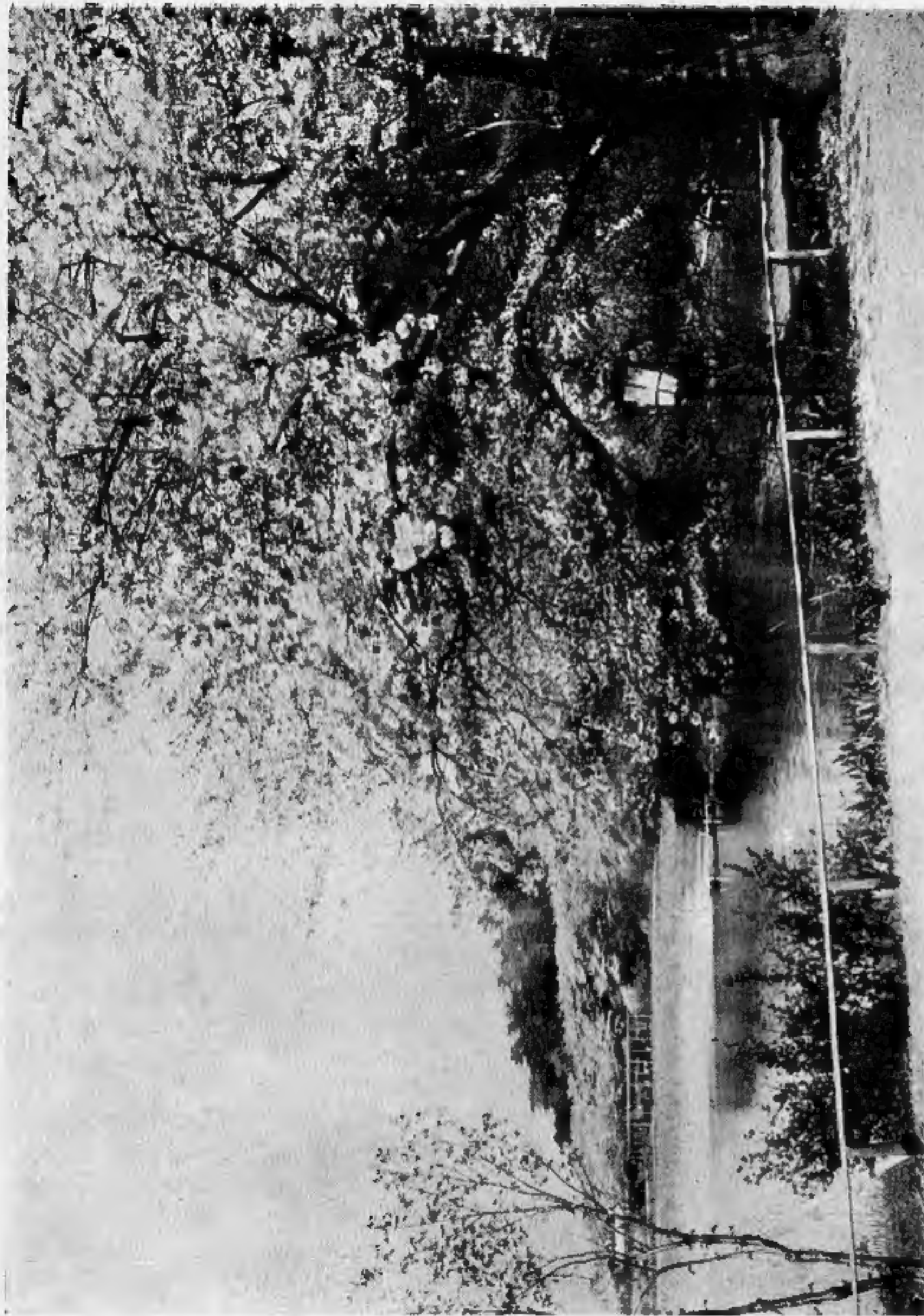
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 this Forward is dedicated in recognition of his
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CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME



COUNTERFEIT?

Michael Ohno '30

HARUO Yokota lifted his eyes from the name card to its owner. T. Hamazaki—such was the name given on the card—appeared to be about thirty years of age, dark complexioned; and were it not for the sinister glitter in his eyes, he might have been pleasant looking. From the first glance, Haruo somehow felt that the smart dress which the visitor wore, did not quite suit his whole being.

"Kindly wait a moment sir!" With that Haruo went to his master's room. His master, Zenichiro Masagi, the head of a big firm in Osaka, a man of great wealth and high reputation, was more than a kind master to Haruo, an orphan.

"Tell him, I can't see him—at least not at present," said Masagi as he laid the name card on the table; but after a moment's thought he added: "No, no, I'll see him."

A few minutes later, Haruo stood at the door listening. Of course he felt guilty of eavesdropping but the voices had attracted his attention.

"Say! What are you trying to insinuate? What are you driving at?" There was a note of consternation in Masagi's voice.

"Then you mean to say that you don't find anything wrong with these three hundred-yen bills? That's encouraging. Well, suppose they are counterfeit?" said the visitor quietly.

"Counterfeit!" exclaimed his master.

"Softly, sir, softly," continued the other lightly. "Can't believe it, eh? But they're counterfeit. Get me? Counterfeit!—I'll be around in three days; by then sir, I hope you'll make good use of these bills, ha! ha!"

"Why, this is all right," said the stout individual seated across the table, "it isn't counterfeit."

"Are you certain?" insisted the boy.

"I haven't been a police officer for ten years just to wear out my uniform," declared the other with a sense of humour. "I advise you not to read too many exciting detective stories," he added not unkindly.

Haruo was in a dilemma. Masagi gave him—to pay the freight charge—one of the three hundred-yen bills, the visitor had left, a few hours ago—of that he was quite sure. He had stopped at this police station to have the money examined, and the result was—Oh! could the officer have been mistaken? Could he?—Or did the man Hamazaki lie? Did he?—But why?—Ah! Should he tell all this to his master? Should he?

Haruo stopped. He ran up the steps leading to the entrance of the bank—it was the Nakanoshima branch office of the Bank of Japan. He followed the man into the building.

Hamazaki—it was certainly he—not knowing that he was under sharp observation, went straight to the cashier. He produced some old paper money and received new ones in their stead.

"Didn't he come three days ago?" Haruo inquired of the cashier, after Hamazaki had departed.

"I think he did," uttered the lank man indifferently, "but I don't remember whether it was three days ago or three months ago or three—"

"He came for the same purpose didn't he?" interrupted the boy.

"Yes! Yes!" cried the cashier impatiently. He seemed to be less savoury than usual. "Now leave me in peace! I'm a busy man."

"Phew!" Haruo fairly whistled as he came out of the bank. Then the hundred-yen bills were genuine; but why did Hamazaki say that they were counterfeit?—The man wasn't joking, then why should he—After all there must be something behind all this.

"Oh! If I were a little older!" Haruo whispered. He was only fifteen.

"We could make millions! Mind you, millions! on these," said Hamazaki pointing to some bills lying on the desk, "Now all I need is a little help."

"But—but if—" protested the other feebly, "but if—"

"Oh! cried the malignant visitor disgustedly. "Come on! Let's get to business. Cut out all ceremonies, Mr. Masagi! Follow me? Well, all I need is a little help to perfect my machine. Er—matter of a few thousand only."

"A few thousand!" exclaimed the poor man.

"Man alive! they'll return to you a hundredfold," said the other with an air of perfect assurance. "Think of that, — and sign this paper."

Slowly Masagi took the paper, a note for ten thousand yen, made payable to the bearer. The only thing to justify it was his signature. Slowly, but surely the spider was approaching the butterfly caught in its web. The latter was making its desperate attempt to escape. Slowly Masagi took his pen and was about to sign, when, "Stop!" came a youthful voice from the door. It was not a voice of warning but of command. Hardly had Masagi time to look up, than Haruo was at his side snatching the paper from the desk.

"Don't you dare to tear the paper!" came the threatening command from the visitor.

"I will!" cried the boy.

"You will, eh?" said the other with a sneer. "I say you shall not! Or else—." He did not end the sentence, for a cry of horror escaped Masagi's trembling lips.

Haruo stood silent, his mouth was firmly set with determination; but he was deadly pale for a dagger gleamed in the upraised hand of Hamazaki. The room grew still. The time for words had passed. In that long moment of suspense Haruo's body stiffened, he wrenched the paper with both hands.

As he tore the paper he felt a burning hotness in his side. His body rocked; and while sinking to the floor, he saw Hamazaki rush out of the room. For a moment he seemed to be floating, then he felt no pain.

"Haruo! Haruo!" said a voice, but it seemed so far away.

"I am all right, sir!" he tried to say but in vain, his tongue would not move.

"The man escaped, sir!" said a new voice, "shall I phone the police?"

"Don't!" cried Haruo, with his utmost effort. If the police were called, and the man captured, his master's reputation would be ruined. "Don't!" he repeated.

"Th-thank you, Haruo!" said the tear-choked voice of his master; but it was very faint—so faint that he wondered.

"Ah!" he sighed contentedly, then everything became a blur, and—darkness.

All this happened ten years ago. Of course, Haruo is well again. His name is not Haruo Yokota but Haruo Masagi. Oh! did I forget to tell you that Masagi was childless? Too bad! You see Masagi had no children and so he adopted Haruo as his own. Now Haruo is working hard in the Imperial University of Tokyo, and he wishes all the readers of the Forward: "A Very Pleasant Easter!"

A FAITHFUL SERVANT

Hiroshi Oka.

KINOSHITA TOKICHIRO was an aspiring son of a poor peasant. When he had become of age, an unquenchable passion for aristocracy seized upon him, to such a degree that he left his home after hastily promising his mother and sister that he would never come back unless he were a nobleman.

He found a humble occupation in the castle of Matsushita Kaheji, the commander-in-chief of Imagawa Yoshimoto's army. Years passed on leaden stilts for the man of fiery ambition. The lowly position of "zoritori" fitted him not at all; and ere long he faltered on the road of his desire and lay a broken-spirited young man.

In time the behavior of Tokichiro reached the ears of Kaheji, and he set himself to correct his servant. One day, as Tokichiro had with marked indifference, taken off the zori from his master's feet, Kaheji, in a fit of rage, snatched the zori from his servant's hands and thrashed him upon the face with his heavy foot-gear.

As Kaheji, trembling with passion and exertion rose to go, the blood-smeared mouth of the servant mumbled these pleading words:

"O master leave me thy zori, wherewith to remind me of my misconduct."

The other, touched with the gentle sway of pity, assented.

Many years had passed after this incident. A slow confusion filled Yoshimoto's castle. Determined veterans soberly discussed plans of action for the battle against the mighty Hojo Ujiyasu. Word was passed round that hostilities would open on the morrow.

The day had come. Flashing banners rode in the wind and mighty armies surged to and fro amid forests of dancing swords and the landscape gleamed with phalanxes of spears. The battle of Fujigawa had begun. The prince sent with Hyuganokami, the commander-in-chief of Hojo, fell wounded in the turmoil of battle. Ito Hyuganokami, following the military custom, deemed it the worst insult should the head of the prince enter the hands of the enemy. He rushed to the dying prince, and carried him to his headquarters in a forest near by. But alas! The prince had died on the way. With tears flooding his eyes he sliced off the head from the corpse with his sword and set about

to bury it in a secluded nook of the woods. Having finished this bloody work, he mumbled a prayer over the little rising mound, and was on the point of leaving.

Suddenly, the work "Halt" rang echoing among the hills. He turned about, his hand on the hilt of his sword, to see a steely flash swoop down and bury itself in a searing pain in his side. He staggered down and lay there, a death-stricken man, with a scarlet stream of blood trickling down his torn side. He looked up and he held Tokichiro standing over him. The latter explained to the wounded man that he had witnessed the burying of the prince's head and desired to have it. "Nay, take it not with thee, or my spirit shall haunt thy memory forever. Take my unworthy head instead, that thou mayst present to thy master. I have asked of thee as a knight; what sayest thou?"

"I cannot but accept."

A satisfied smile crept like dawn upon the waxen face of the commander, and closing his eyes, he sighed his last breath.

Tokichiro was sitting at a respectful distance from Imagawa, who was nervously fingering a box. Upon opening it, a gasp escaped his lips and he put it away with a shudder. But joy fermented within him and he turned to Tokichiro with a wan smile lingering on his lips; for the thing he had looked into was the blue face of the dead Hyuganokami, the commander of the enemy's army.

"Thou hast brought immeasurable joy to us and great mourning to the others; thou deservest a reward for this," said Imagawa appraisingly. "But"—here his manner changed

for he had remembered that the commander had saved the dying prince—"where is the head of the prince? Surely thou knowest, if thou killedst him." He pointed meaningly at the box.

"Yes master, I know where the head lies; but an oath is an oath, especially if made to a dying man."

"Darest thou tell me that thou knowest where the prince's head lies, yet thou dost not bring it to me? Thou art too greedy for gain to do that. Surely this is none of thy killing either! Begone!"

Thus rapidly dismissed and disgraced, Tokichiro was disgusted at his narrow-minded master and left the castle.

He wandered away to another castle and a position was given him by Odanobunaga, an ambitious young lord. This master was decidedly different from the other, and from the time of his meeting with Tokichiro, he took a liking to the new servant. In the courses of time, Tokichiro became the apple of his master's eye.

Soon again the hideous cries of war echoed jarringly among the hills and split the heavens with their tumult. Again swords glinted and slashed, banners waved, bowstrings twanged and arrows whizzed; armies clashed thunderously, and armor gleamed on the doughty warriors. Imagawa Yoshimoto, the lord of Tokichiro's former master, and Odanobunaga, the new master, were at war.

By a lucky whim of chance, Tokichiro had killed Yoshimoto in fair fight, and presented Odanobunaga with his victim's head. His master, contented beyond all bounds, gladly gave in recognition of his valuable services a large province and a title of nobility. This newly-made noble named himself Toyotomi Hideyoshi.

Matsushita Kaheji had been im-

proverished by the war; indeed, he had not even the wherewithal to pay the rent of his house. The pitiable plight of his former master had reached the ears of Hideyoshi who now owned the province on which Kaheji lived; and so Toyotomi set out in a long and grand procession to the humble house of Kaheji. When he came within a stone's throw of his former master's house, he saw Kaheji and his few loyal attendants come out of their abode and bow down before him. He ordered his "kago" to be brought in front of Kaheji. The "kago" was duly deposited in front of the person named, and Hideyoshi proceeded from within it, attired in the humble garments of a servant. He took the "zori" from his pocket and approached his former master.

"Look ye here, I pray thee," exclaimed Hideyoshi to the still kneeling man, "these are the very zori with which thou whippedst me years ago." And smiling, he knelt down and put these zori on Kaheji's feet, disregarding the protests which came from the latter. "I thank thee, Kaheji, for thy warning; to-day I shall be thy servant as in the days bygone."

Kaheji reluctantly entered the "kago" and Hideyoshi walked beside it to his castle's doors; moreover he tended to the wants of his former master for the rest of the day, just as he had done in the days of the past.

Kaheji was impressed and touched by this gratitude on the part of Hideyoshi, and thus the ice of his reserve was melted by the warm hand of friendship. Kaheji lived his remaining years in joy, and departed into the next world with sentiments of deepest esteem towards his ever-faithful servant Tokichiro, now the great war-lord Toyotomi Hideyoshi.

GENIUSES OF THE SIXTH SENSE

G. M. Kikuchi '30

OLD men are forever lamenting the fact that the world is degenerating. This seems particularly so in this country where every child born has an inheritance of seventy-five yen—very generous of those who left it to them. Like all countries Japan had a score of heroes or genii or devils which names mean about the same if we judge them by the immortal foolishness of those who bear them. At the present time their only service to humanity consists in furnishing mothers with suitable bedtime tales for little children.

But now at last some budding geniuses have made an unannounced appearance. They hardly merit the name of geniuses but as geniuses are said to be next door to insanity, why cannot they be termed next door to "freaks of nature"? For extraordinary these worthies undeniably are.

The first of these lives in the quiet city of Wakayama. At least he has one property common with all geniuses—the property of being born in an unpretentious town. He specializes in birds; not raising them but exterminating them. He is generally required in the autumn when the feathered pests turn their full forces on the ripe rice fields. Then this indomitable champion issues forth to the rescue of the oppressed by buckling on armour and sword—his armour consisting of a net and the sword impersonated by a whistle. When he arrives at the place of battle he calmly surveys the fields, sets up his net and courageously awaits the coming of his enemies. Soon they come in hordes but all fall beneath his mighty sword.

Calm and collected he issues forth his commands with his whistle not to his own army—consisting of himself—but to the enemy. His whistle shrills out in an inimitable cadence. The birds obey it, now soaring up, now swooping down now to the right, now to the left, till they are entangled in the meshes of the net. Flock after flock are easily taken till having rid the whole country-side of the erring songsters he decamps for other grounds.

The second one is of a more pacific nature and I presume consoles himself with the common saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword." He specializes in writing a great number of small things on a small surface; the great number being three-hundred to six-hundred, the small things being characters and the small surface being a grain of rice. The characters are indecipherable to the naked eye but seen under a magnifying glass are found to be clearly and even beautifully written. He has a specially constructed brush the tip being about as big as a tooth pick. This partly explains this apparently impossible thing and one more reason is that he is exceptionally short-sighted. This affliction or rather blessing enables him partially to see the letters he forms.

The third hero uses his sixth sense more than the other two. He has the physique of a man and the qualities of a cat. He is the inveterate enemy of the rats. For this curious reason he is employed by the Osaka Sanitary Association. When he hears that a certain locality is infested by rats he hurries to the

place and soon smells out their hiding places. As soon as he tracks the rats to their headquarters he stops up all the escape holes except one. At this remaining hole he burns sulphur in such a way that the fumes enter the hole. When the interior had been thoroughly infused by the smoke he opens one of the holes he had closed. The rats rush out but he is ready. Taking them one by one he dashes them to the ground by an old yet effective and sure method of judo or ju-jitsu. His record up till now is two hundred and eighty four rats in half an hour. His principal faculties are acuteness in the senses especially those of smell and hearing. He can tell by the squeaks whether rats are male or female, old or young.

The remaining member of this noble confederacy has his court of admiring villagers in the north of Tokyo. He has an uncanny knowledge of the

weather, the most fickle thing in nature—so much so that the venerable doctors of the Weather Bureau are fearing for their positions. They have tried to test his ability and they were not disappointed—or rather they were—because his predictions were uncomfortably correct. They have done the only wise thing to do and gave it up. His fame is not yet national but he is king in his little village and every public ceremony to be conducted in the open air must receive his sanction.

These so far are acknowledged as curiosities. Some positively affirm that they owe their abilities to the apes, their Darwinian ancestors. At least they are nearer than ordinary mortals to having their names inscribed in the slow unfurling scrolls of History so that posterity may say of them: "At least we have had our geniuses."

"PULE-ANA-ANA"

K. Alt '30

THE argent rays of the "mahealani" (full moon) lifted the dark curtain of night from the tranquil ocean and slumbering Hawaii-akea (great wide Hawaii), presenting into view a dark, moving speck upon the undulating billows. At closer sight the speck proved to be a "waa" or canoe with two stalwart youths paddling her.

The paddler seated near the bow of the canoe with his back turned towards the other was Kaalii. His complexion was not as dark as that of the one seated behind him, and

he had more intelligent features. The youth at the stern, named Kai-liohae, was more muscular and tall. They were half-brothers famous in Hawaii for their skill in various sports such as "hee-nalu" (surf-riding), "mokomoko" or "umauma" (boxing), and "kulakulai" (wrestling). They had been put by their "alii" (chief), sick at that particular moment, on a quest for certain rare medicinal herbs that grew in Kahiki, some sixty miles away. The two young men had been crowned with success and were happily returning

home, often dreaming of the bountiful rewards and high honors they were to receive.

The rippling of the water caused by the skimming canoe and the splashing of the paddles sounded as mellow music in Kaalii's ears, but the same sounds were voices of temptation to Kailiohae. Avarice completely covered Kailiohae's heart with its dark filthy mantle, stifling the protesting cries of Conscience. While his half-brother was singing gaily, he was planning dark, gruesome deeds. All at once Kaalii stopped singing and looked up at the sky with horror-stricken eyes. A "Ka-opua-ua" (storm cloud) as big as a fist had appeared in the south. Before anything could be done, the cloud overspread the sky with indescribable rapidity.

The slumbering ocean was disturbed in its sleep, and, as if enraged at its premature awakening, it heaved and panted wildly, making the waves rise to tremendous heights. Forming with rage, the ocean threw mighty billows incessantly against the frail canoe, and had it not been for the dexterity of the paddlers, the "wa a" might have been capsized at the first real squall. "Now is the time to work out my plans," thought Kailiohae. "Why not take this excellent chance? If I would be the only one to return, I am sure I can receive greater rewards than were we to return together." He pulled out his paddle with lightening speed, and with one swift blow laid low his unsuspecting half-brother, and threw him into the seething waters.

Dawn came in all its splendor and glory, chasing the storm before. But, where is the canoe? Kailiohae, more, dead than alive was

painfully paddling the canoe to the shore. He landed. The populace were almost wild with delight to find him safe and sound; but, their joy was damped by the absence of their favorite Kaalii and many an "auwe" (alas!) were uttered, and tears shed. He was conducted to the sick alii, and there explained the absence of Kaalii. He told the gullible islanders that his half-brother had fallen overboard into the sea during the terrific storm, and had been devoured by famished sharks. Kailiohae was highly rewarded and lived the happy life of a merry Hawaiian for some time, for his conscience was drowned in the sea of satiated passion.

About six months after the secret assassination of Kaalii, strange rumours were spread among the people. It was said that Kaalii was picked up by a fisherman—his uncle—just before he died, and that the unfortunate youth had implored this man of humble occupation to avenge him. The fisherman had no means of inflicting punishment on Kailiohae excepting one, which was by a curious rite practiced among ancient Hawaiian priests of the poison-god Kalaipahoa, called "pule-ana-ana" or praying to Death. He had taken the "Kaalii-o-unihipili" (bones of Kaalii) to perform the rite and was praying fervently for the speedy and most horrible death of Kailiohae.

Little by little this rumour floated into Kailiohae's ears. He did not mind it at first, but when he saw that the people were beginning to doubt his explanation of the mysterious disappearance of Kaalii, Kailiohae became nervous. As days melted into weeks, and weeks into months, he appeared less and less on the seashore, the Hawaiian play-

ground; he became as feeble as the oldest of men; he lost all his "aikane" (bosom friends). His cheeks fell, and his eyes glared with a maniacal light. Life became a burden to him, and his only desire was to escape from the torture of his regained conscience.

On a stormy night just one year from the night of the tragedy on the raging ocean, another shocking incident took place. Kailiohae had climbed up the "pali" (precipice) facing the ocean, and had dashed himself to pieces, leaving a warning to slaves of cupidity.

PRESENCE OF MIND

George G. Mayers '30

IT was about eight o'clock in the evening. Mrs. Nishimura, the wife of Tokyo's most prominent business men, was equatting on a square cushion in front of a hibachi, absorbed in a recent novel. She was the only person in the house. The servants were off; and Mr. Nishimura was out making his New Year calls. Probably Mr. Nishimura was being detained at the residence of some friend, for these loiterings are as a rule very long since the people drink, and let time run its course. Nevertheless the absence of her husband did not in any way disturb Mrs. Nishimura's mind. Was it not "Ganjitsu" (the Japanese New Year)?

Thus Mrs. Nishimura read and read with ever growing interest. All at once, the front door-bell rang. Mr. Nishimura was returning—perhaps with some friend. Mrs. Nishimura hastened to smoothen her hair, powdered her face and redden her lips. Grr...r...at! the "fusuma" (paper door) opened. Standing in the doorway was an apparition clad in black. Its head was covered in a black hood; the opening in the hood revealed two lynx-like eyes. Mrs. Nishimura was not in the least terrified though

her heart beat at a tremendous rate—very likely a friend was trying to play a New Year's trick on her husband.

"Omedeto gozaimasu! (Happy New Year). Do you wish to see Mr. Nishimura? He is away, but I think he will be returning soon. Pray take a seat and make yourself at ease." With these words she offered the intruder the rodpipe and pouch.

"Get out with that! I don't want Nishimura or anybody else. I just want money! and if you don't give me a few hundred yen, you get this!" The thief came to the climax of his sentence by throwing the dagger on the mat.

If Mrs. Nishimura was perturbed she certainly did not show it. Not even the gleam of her eyes betrayed her emotions. "You say you want money? How much did you say you want?"

"All you got, you fool!" replied the thief.

"Very well, good sir, your wish will soon be fulfilled. Please be seated while I get the money."

Mrs. Nishimura glided to a little closet where the money bag was kept. Her movements were somewhat

deliberate and measured. Coolly and collectedly she began to count the notes. Everytime she thumbed a note she would moisten her fingertips with saliva—this is a characteristic trait of Japanese business men. "Five fifty bills is all I have," she observed as she handed the money to the impatient yet satisfied thief.

"Yoshi!" (very well) he snatched them from her and was off.

Five minutes after the thief had left, Mrs. Nishimura hurried to the nearest police station where, having given all the details, she added: "The notes have a red mark on them. I happened to have a chance to smear plenty of lipstick on my lips while I was getting the money from the closet. Everytime I touched my lips, I transferred some of the lipstick from my lips to the notes."

PARTNERS IN CRIME

William R. Mayers '31

SUEZO Suzuki was a Japanese lad of medium height with dark cavernous eyes. These eyes sparkled however, as if reflecting the young man's sense of self-sufficiency. Mr. Suzuki, the owner of a prosperous diamond firm in Osaka, rose from his uncomfortable chair. His business-like face forthwith began to radiate smiles at sight of his son. It was to be Suezo's first day in the office. He was to work at last after some fifteen years of education.

Suezo looked at the common clerks with a haughty air. In the Meiji University at Tokyo, he had dabbled in philosophy, and the Eng-

The police went about the shops and instructed the merchants to report to the station as soon as they had received a note with a red mark.

One week later an excited man came tumbling into the police station. The man was clutching a 50 yen note. "Here, here," he shouted; "look at that red mark!"

"Where did you get that note?" asked the "keiji bucho" (inspector).

"I got it from Mr. Nagai."

"Mr. Nagai?" exclaimed the thunderstruck inspector. "Why, that's the wine merchant who lives next door to Mr. Nishimura."

The thief eventually proved to be Mr. Nagai. He had stolen the note because as he claimed he had been "hard up" that month. How easily the thief had been caught! Thus did a woman's presence of mind result in the capture of the thief.

lish, French and German languages. Suezo therefore thought himself above the rank and file of men. In his opinion he could safely be put to any kind of work.

Mr. Suzuki's face, then, was all smiles. If he harboured any suspicion about Suezo's immaturity he certainly did not show it. For a full minute the former gazed on Suezo. Then suddenly a crafty look sprang into his dreamy eyes. He locked hands vigorously.

"Suezo," the merchant's voice was low and mild, "do you think yourself capable of doing a very important transaction for me?"

"Sure," replied the university man. "Haven't I studied enough about transactions at school?"

"Well, one can never tell. But since you are so sure of your ability, here goes. I want you to deliver a valuable diamond to Mr. Ishibashi of Yokohama. Here it is!"

Opening the little black velvet-lined box handed to him, Suezo gazed open-mouthed at a large diamond. It was undoubtedly the largest he had ever seen.

"Why, it's worth a fortune!" came from Suezo's awed voice.

"It is. Now go catch the first train for Yokohama with this last advice. Make absolutely no acquaintances on your trip. The greatest thieves are the confidence men."

A Japanese train is not altogether a cheerful sight. The travellers seldom converse freely. Usually they sit or lie steeped in their own thoughts. Suezo selected an unoccupied seat and abandoned himself to happy reflexions. He had been trusted by his father in an important business deal. He must by all means not betray the trust.

Presently, a slant-eyed gentleman with a clean-shaven face approached Suezo.

"Mr. Suzuki's son, I presume? Glad to meet you."

Thus the new-comer's opening. Suezo at first regarded the stranger with suspicion, and recalled his father's advice. But what harm could come from a close friend of his father? Within the next half hour Suezo was babbling freely and in the heat of his communicativeness, he even let slip the purpose of his journey to Yokohama.

Midnight was drawing on. Many passengers were already slumbering.

But still did Suezo and his recent companion chat on.

Shortly Suezo's companion said to the train porter: "Bring me two cups of 'ocha' (Japanese tea), please."

Then turning to Suezo: "Let's have a warm drink before we turn in for sleep."

The "ocha" was brought. The two drank each other's health. If Suezo had been less sleepy he would have noticed that his friend, with the dexterity of a magician, dropped a few grains of red powder in his cup before he placed it within reach of Suezo.

Suezo smacked his lips with apparent satisfaction. Soon the desire to sleep became overpowering. He could scarcely keep his eyes open. He nodded wearily. But by sheer force he blinked on. It would be impolite to doze off without wishing his jolly friend a good-night. But he couldn't keep awake... simply couldn't...

Half in the land of slumber Suezo sensed the truth. His last drink had been drugged! His pretending friend was but a common thief! And Suezo had told him of the diamond!

Early next morning Suezo awoke with a splitting headache. A bawling voice was rending the air with "Yokohama, Yokohama!" Instinctively Suezo's hand flew to his vest-pocket. Only but emptiness was there!! He had really been robbed! He took the next train for Osaka. The monster bubble of his pride had now been pricked. He looked not a little like a bankrupt business man.

Mr. Suzuki rose as Suezo entered his office for the second time. Suezo stood long, nervously twitching his fingers. Then he blurted out the truth: "Father, I've been robbed."

I did not follow your advice. A man who pretended to be your friend was a thief. I'm nothing else than a big fool...an idle boaster... But father please give me another chance. All pride is gone from me. I only want to be able to pay back what I lost."

With fear and trembling Suezo did await the outburst of his father's wrath. And still when he looked into his father's face, there was the same pleasant smile.

Before long a clean-shaven, slant-eyed gentleman entered Mr. Suzuki's room.

Suezo's face turned to waxen grey. After many vain attempts he managed to sputter: "Father, that man was the thief! He was the one who took the diamond."

Still Mr. Suzuki's face was all smiles.

"My son," he said: "this man here is my assistant manager. You must surely be mistaken."

"No, no, father. I'm sure. He was the culprit."

"Now son, I've got something to tell you. The first moment you entered my office, I plainly saw you thought too much of yourself. Therefore did I devise this little cure. Barely did you leave the office, I called Mr. Kumao, my assistant manager. I told him to board your train. I ordered him to rob you. Thereby you learned a good lesson, that you are not more capable than common clerks."

"But father, did you not fear that your costly gem would fall into the hands of a real thief?"

"Haven't thirty years of dealing in diamonds taught me a trick or two? The diamond was made of PASTE."

All present were now in convulsions of laughter. Making a desperate effort to join in the fun, Suezo forced out the words: "Father, you and Mr. Kumao are partners in the Paste-Diamond Robbery."

A PAIR OF DARK SPECTACLES

George Beckman '31

IN an obscure town of Siberia there lived a certain police official. One day after work, he decided to visit some of his friends. Having arrived there, he wondered how he might invest the time of his visit. Between doing nothing at all and doing something or other, there was the easy alternative of playing cards, the usual pastime for provincials. The game lasted long enough and, luck having deserted Mr. Ivanoff, he lost pretty heavily.

This soured his return trip, and the only thoughts that perturbed Mr. Ivanoff, while the trip lasted were those centering around the past game. Had you been seated alongside of him in the sledge, you would undoubtedly have heard some grumbled exclamations as the following:

"By Jove, I ought to have led that time with the ace!.....Why did I throw away my jack of spades... Gosh, it seems to me, my partner had not a single trump in the last

round...Best of all he had not a show of meld at all," etc., etc., etc.

By the time Mr. Ivanoff arrived home, he was in a decidedly bad mood. The world seemed to him the blackest spot in the universe, and the card deck the blackest spot in the world. In fact everything looked black thru the dark spectacles he had put on. As he had entered the room he sat down before the grate, still revolving the details of the game in his mind.

Meanwhile, in the adjoining room Petia, Mr. Ivanoff's son, was studying his lessons, and several snatches of the disjointed boy's memory-rote phrases reached the ears of his honorable pater. Since Mr. Ivanoff's point of sensibility was on the keenest edge, he immediately began criticizing.

"Winter having arrived, winter having arrived, the peasant is festive," drilled in the industrious Petia.

"Oh God! What's that? The peasant is festive! What right has he to be festive? I'll bet anything he did not finish his work. The people are getting too lazy nowadays," commented the effervescent Mr. Ivanoff next door.

"And a small puppy was turning over and over in the snow..." studied Petia.

"Gosh, how many dogs there are in the village nowadays! Sounds

incredible! On account of them, the very streets get blocked. What a world!" grumbled our recent loser.

"Whilst the small children are playing with snow balls in the yard..." continued Petia.

"Well! Is that the way the children spend their time? Those boys did not do their lessons, and, quite naturally they've got to be playing. And of course they'll catch cold, and cause useless expenses to their parents. What a generation! What a generation!" continued pouting Mr. Ivanoff, "By the way," he exclaimed jumping up, "PETIA might have been playing with snow balls too. By Joe, I did not think of that! Well, if he did not play yet, he is sure to play sooner or later, and so I will punish him in advance. Petia! Petia! come here!" he called.

"Yes, father," said the small boy entering, feeling that there was something wrong.

"Lie down! I am going to spank you," And so the demon of gambling fated the innocent, industrious Petia, to be victim for his father's gruff spleen. Yet not in vain did he suffer. To whip his little lamb, Mr. Ivanoff had to take off his dark spectacles. The world again lay smiling and happy before his normal gaze.

SCIENTIFIC BIOGRAPHIES

John S. Boyd, B. Sc., '19

IV. SIR ISAAC NEWTON (1642-1727)

THE English mathematician and natural philosopher was born near Grantham in Lincolnshire, England, on Christmas Day.

His father was a yeoman farmer, and it was intended that Isaac should carry on the farm. At the age of fourteen he showed distinct mechanical ability, and his widowed mother decided to give him a chance

to develop his mechanical instincts. He was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, and went through the ordinary college course in classics and mathematics. He accidentally came across a book on astrology which interested him, but he could not understand it on account of the geometry and trigonometry in it. So he bought a copy of Euclid, and surprised to find how plain it all seemed.

On account of the great plague, he left Cambridge in 1665-6 and went to live at his home in Grantham. It was during this visit that his ideas on gravitation took definite shape. He also invented the differential calculus about this time.

In 1669, he was appointed Lucasian professor in Cambridge, and gave much of his time to the study of optics. His writings were attacked by many of his contemporaries with an arrogant confidence born of ignorance; and Newton had an uphill task from 1672 to 1675, and more than once determined to give up philosophy except for his own satisfaction. "I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy; but if I get rid of Mr. Linus's business, I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private satisfaction, or leave to come out after me; for I see a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or to become a slave to defend it."

Of Newton's absent-mindedness many stories have been told. A typical one narrates how, when he was entertaining some friends to dinner and went to draw some wine, he stayed away so long that his friends set off to seek him. They found him in the wine cellar, busy solving a mathematical problem, his

friends forgotten, and the jug still unfilled!

He was no "eight hours' day" man and would often spend eighteen or nineteen hours out of the twenty-four at the most exhausting kind of work.

Newton had the strongest sense of duty. When he was appointed Master of the Mint, he stoutly refused to engage in any of his favorite scientific pursuits, as he felt that his whole energies should be given to the service of the State. He broke away from this rule once, for Leibnitz (No. V of this series) apparently was too much for his patience. The German mathematician had been working at a set of problems and was unable to solve them. He thereupon concluded that they were insoluble, and published them as a challenge to the world. Newton received the problems one evening on his return from the Mint and at the end of five hours had solved them all.

He spent nearly half his time studying chemistry and theology. Once when Halley made some flip-pant remark on a question of religion, Newton fell upon him with the rebuke: "I have studied these things: you have not!"

His greatest contributions to physical science were his theory of gravitation, by which he accounted for the motions of the bodies of the solar system, and of the moons around the planets; and the differential calculus. He made many other important, though minor, contributions to mathematics and physics. Here is Newton's own estimate of himself:

"I do not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the sea shore, and divert-

ing myself, in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me."

V. GOTTFRIED WILHELM LEIBNITZ (1646-1716)

Leibnitz, one of the most brilliant men of his time, was born at Leipzig. He was educated first at Leipzig University, which refused him the degree of Doctor of Laws, on account of his youth. He thereupon removed to Nuremberg, where he continued the study of the law and subsequently entered the diplomatic service.

In 1674, Leibnitz became attached to the Court of Brunswick, and from that time he had greater leisure to devote to his favorite pursuits of mathematics and philosophy. He propounded his views on the differential and integral calculus between 1674 and 1677, and an acrimonious debate ensued among the contemporary mathematicians as to who was really the inventor of the differential calculus, Newton or Leibnitz. The dispute appears to have been largely a matter of words. Newton seems to have discovered for himself the view of the differential calculus as "a rate of growth," and he expressed a rate of growth or a *fluxion*, as he called it, by putting a dot over the letter, just as is done in dynamics at the present day. The dot is satisfactory enough when "time" is the independent variable, and when the rate of growth is a speed, but it is not

very convenient when other independent variables are used. Newton used a method akin to the modern method of limits to arrive at these fluxions. Leibnitz, on the other hand, invented the dy/dx notation, which is used to-day. This notation is not altogether free from objection. It suggests first of all that the quantity represented by dy/dx is a fraction equal to dy divided by dx , and secondly, the first thing the beginner wants to do is to cancel the d 's! However, Leibnitz's notation appears to be now standardized, except in dynamics, where the Newtonian notation with dots is still commonly used—and convenient (In my time at Glasgow University, the Physics Class had a club called the "Theta-Double-Dot Club," written, of course, Theta-Club, our Professor being exceptionally fond of this symbol, which stands for Angular Acceleration). Leibnitz's reputation rests as much on his philosophical as on his mathematical work. He was the propounder of a system of philosophy known as Monadology. It is curious that the practical experimenter, Newton, developed the calculus on more philosophical lines than Leibnitz, whereas the philosopher, Leibnitz, gave the world the practical notation which is used to-day.

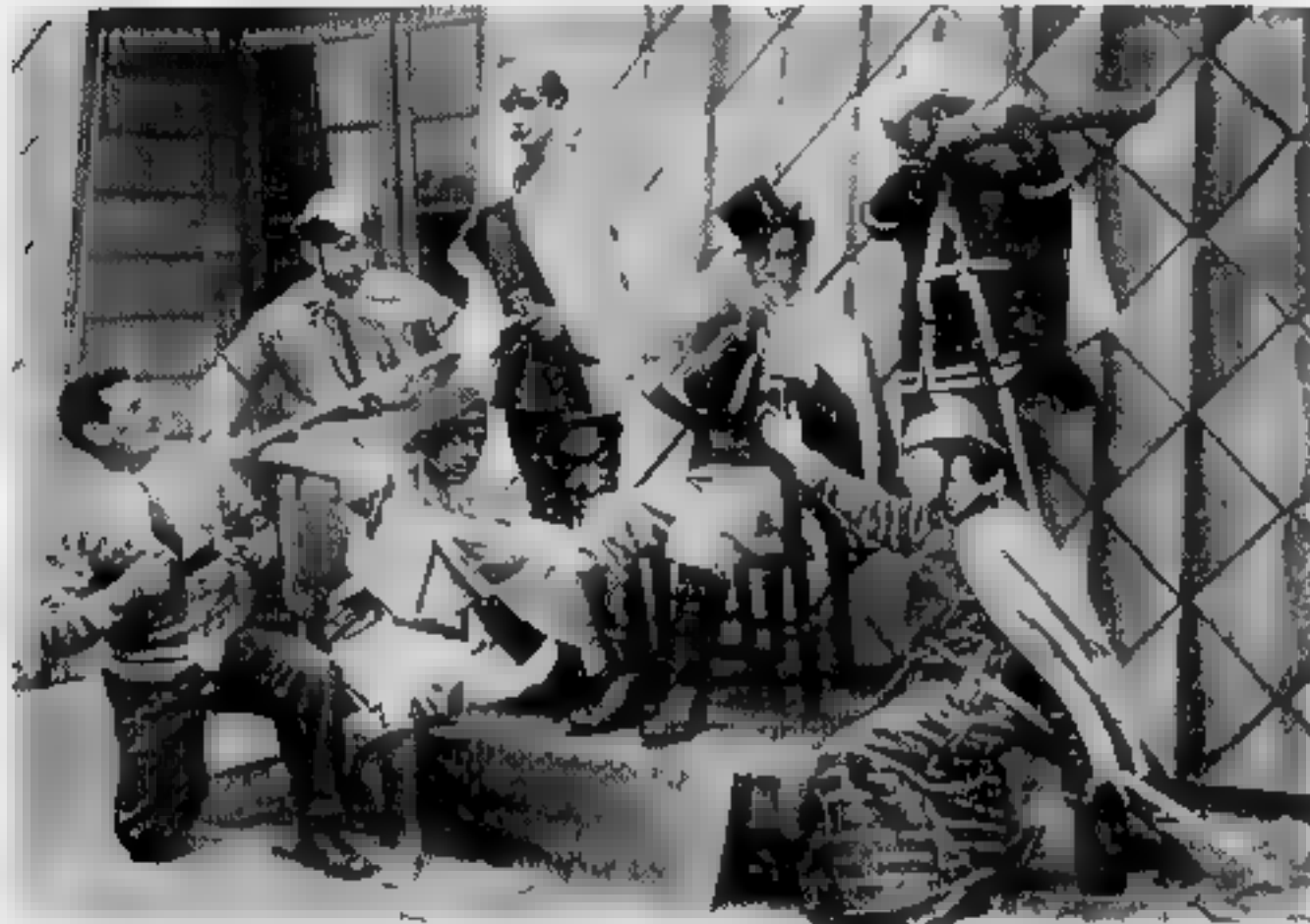
VI. ALESSANDRO VOLTA (1745-1827)

Volta was an Italian physicist and is especially celebrated as a pioneer in electrical science. He was born at Como. The practical unit of electrical pressure—the volt—is named after him.



S.J.C. Dramatic Club

"Julius Caesar"



C. Boyd, G. Mayers, P. Tompkison, F. Savory
H. Schoene, M. Dave, S. Manley.

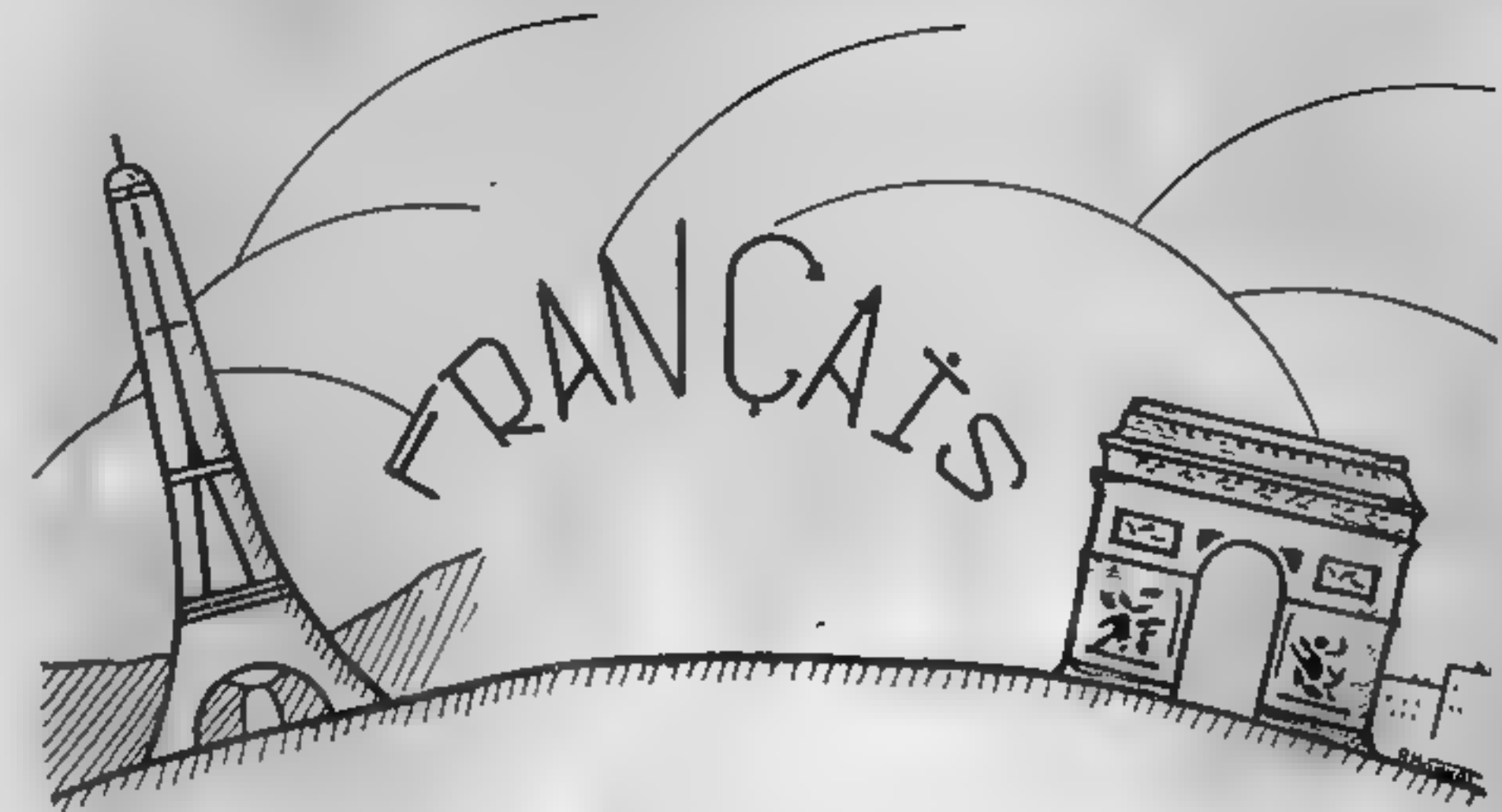
"The Rhearsal"



H. Schoene, M. Dave, K. Tamura, F. Mourrier, P. Tompkison, C. Boyd
A. Pohl, W. Yamamoto, S. Manley, W. Papendieck

APRIL, 1930

17



LE ROI SALOMON ET LE PARATONNERRE

Roger Monnot '30

Quand le grand roi Salomon eut entrepris de construire un temple au Dieu tout-puissant, temple merveilleux qui fut commencé la quatrième année de son règne et terminé la onzième, il convia tous les animaux de la terre à apporter leur tribut.

Alors des quatre points de l'espace, cheminèrent, vers le grand roi, toutes les bêtes de l'univers: le lion vint apporter sa crinière, l'éléphant son ivoire, la brebis sa laine, la vache son lait, la poule ses oeufs, l'autruche ses plumes et les abeilles leur miel. Le roi Salomon ne méprisa aucun don, et il dit à chacun des donateurs:

—C'est bien!

Mais quand le défilé des animaux se fut arrêté, il s'écria:

—Je n'ai vu paraître aucun des oiseaux des bois! Que veut dire cela?

Alors il manda l'oiseau qui lui était le plus dévoué, la huppe. Et celle-ci dit au roi:

"Seigneur, mes frères, les oiseaux ont été dissuadés par la pie de se soumettre à vos volontés. J'ai bien essayé de la combattre, mais elle a couvert mes paroles de jacasseries." Salomon entra dans une grande colère et, ne voulant pas croire à une telle impudence, il menaça la huppe de lui faire trancher la tête si elle ne lui donnait pas aussitôt la preuve de sa véracité.

"Que mon Seigneur m'accorde jusqu'à demain, supplia la huppe! Demain les oiseaux doivent se rassembler dans la vallée du Cédron, pour arrêter leur décision: que le roi, mon Seigneur s'y rende en cachette et, si je n'ai pas dit la vérité, que je reçoive mon châtimement!"

Le grand roi voulut bien patienter jusqu'au lendemain. Bien avant

l'heure fixée pour la réunion, il se rendit au lieu indiqué, se cacha dans un vieux tronc d'arbre et attendit. Alors s'en vinrent à tire d'aile de tous les coins de l'horizon, des oiseaux de toutes les tailles, de toutes les couleurs, de tous les ramage. Pour cette importante réunion, ils oublièrent leurs querelles.

Quand ils furent tous rassemblés, l'aigle prit la parole pour indiquer l'objet de leur délibération. Plusieurs oiseaux furent d'avis que l'on suivit l'exemple des autres animaux : il était juste, pensaient-ils, de participer à la glorification du Créateur. Mais la pie, qui avait eu soin d'amener sa soeur pour la soutenir, d'attaquer violemment ce parti :

— "Croyez-moi, mes amis, dit-elle, le roi Salomon est un orgueilleux qui ne cherche qu'à se glorifier lui-même. Il veut qu'on parle de lui de génération en génération : que les gens de Jérusalem disent aux étrangers, jusqu'à la fin des temps : "Admirez ce temple que fit bâtir le puissant roi Salomon. Tous les animaux de la terre apportèrent leur tribut, et cent quatre-vingt-trois mille hommes y travaillèrent pendant plusieurs années. Ah ! c'était un grand roi !" Eh bien ! non ! ne

faisons pas le jeu de ce tyran prétentieux ! Nous avons pour nous le Royaume des Airs ; les hommes ne viendront pas nous poursuivre."

— Misérables pies ! vociféra soudain, surgissant de sa cachette, le roi Salomon, incapable de maîtriser plus longtemps sa colère, misérables pies, c'est ainsi que vous manifestez votre respect envers le roi d'Israël ?

Et dressant vers les oiseaux passeurs son sceptre menaçant : Recevez le châtement de votre impudence ! tonna-t-il.

Aussitôt les pies furent pétrifiées et les autres oiseaux épouvantés de s'enfuir, à l'exception de la huppe qui revint à Jérusalem dans le sein du grand roi.

Salomon fit placer les deux volatiles pétrifiés sur le point le plus élevé du temple, et fit hérissier les faitages de la maison sainte, d'aiguilles d'or pour empêcher les oiseaux de s'y poser.

C'est ainsi que les toits et les murs du temple étant couverts de lambris dorés, le monument se trouva très exactement protégé contre la foudre, et sans le savoir, le grand roi Salomon le pourvut de paratonnerres.

ABSENCE D'ESPRIT, ABSENCE DE L'ÂNE

H. Oka '30

Un homme distrait entra dans un bazar, menant son âne par la bride. Le bazar était bondé de gens et notre homme s'absorba à voir le commerce actif qui s'y faisait.

Deux voleurs surnois décidèrent de débarrasser l'homme de son âne.

Ils s'avancèrent furtivement près de l'âne et, inaperçus par le possesseur, ils détachèrent la bride et, pendant que l'un poussa l'animal stupide, l'autre prit la bride dans ses mains et la tira doucement juste comme l'âne aurait fait.

Après quelque temps le possesseur de l'âne s'arrêta devant un marchand pour acheter quelque chose, et instinctivement il se retourna vers son âne. Mais, par Allah ! l'âne n'y était plus. En place de la bête, il vit un homme tenant le mors. Avant qu'il put dire un mot, le voleur l'accosta à haute voix :

— "Eh, monsieur, par Allah ! j'en ai assez. Si vous voulez acheter cette bride, payez-moi et prenez-la avec vous ; si vous ne voulez pas l'acheter, laissez-la moi et allez-vous-en !"

Le possesseur légitime de la bride

et de l'âne fit une faible protestation, essayant d'expliquer que son âne avait été volé ; mais ceci ne fit qu'ajouter à la gaieté des spectateurs. Le rusé voleur laissa la foule sous l'impression que la bride était la sienne et que le malheureux volé voulait acheter la bride mais qu'il ne voulait pas payer assez ; et le malin pria les spectateurs de lui faire justice.

Le malheureux abandonna à contre-cœur ses droits à la bride, et les voleurs devinrent possesseurs de l'âne et de la bride. Absence d'esprit, absence d'âne et de bride.

REVANCHE!

M. Ohno '30

Dans l'état de Washington vivait un juge célèbre, appelé George Camperfield. Un jour, en passant devant une boucherie, le maître-boucher l'arrêta et lui dit : "Oh, monsieur le juge ! je voudrais vous poser une question."

— "Eh ! bien ! qu'est-ce que c'est ?"

— "De la viande a été dérobée de ma devanture. Quelle mesure prendrait-on dans une telle circonstance ?"

— "Ah ! de la viande a été dérobée ? C'est malheureux ! Si j'étais à votre place, je porterais plainte contre l'homme qui l'a dérobée," répondit le juge.

— "Mais, monsieur, le voleur n'est pas un homme."

— "Qu'est-ce que vous dites ? Le voleur n'est pas un homme ? Ma foi ! Qu'est-ce alors ?"

— "C'est un chien."

— "Brave homme ! Pourquoi n'allez-vous pas chez le maître de ce chien ?" cria le juge avec indignation.

"Bravo !" s'écria le boucher ; Combien sage était le philosophe qui a dit : Ignorance est félicité."

— "Quoi !" exclamait le juge.

— "Je dis, que vous êtes un philosophe," répondit le boucher.

— "Sans doute ! et vous êtes un..."

— "Un simple homme dans l'embaras, monsieur !" interrompit l'autre. "Le chien voleur est le vôtre."

— "Comment ! Le mien ?" demanda le pauvre philosophe.

— "Oui, monsieur ! je suis très triste de vous le dire..."

— "Combien la viande ?" demanda le philosophe très irrité.

— "Pas trop ! monsieur. Cinq dollars seulement," dit modestement le boucher.

— "Cinq dollars !"

— "Oui, monsieur. Vous êtes un philoso..."

— "Tais-toi ! Je suis un juge,"

—“Pour moi, cela ne change rien à l'affaire, monsieur, répondit le boucher indifféremment.

Le juge lui jeta une pièce de cinq dollars, et cria: “N'oubliez pas que je suis juge!”

—“Oui, monsieur!” répondit le boucher doucement.

Deux ou trois jours après, le boucher reçut une enveloppe. En l'ouv-

rant, il en tira un billet où étaient écrits ces mots:

Cause: La viande volée et le chien.

Place: Chez le boucher.

Frais de Verdict: Dix dollars.

A Monsieur le Boucher

Signé: Juge Camperfield

“Quel chien!” furent les seuls mots que le boucher trouva à dire.

DEUX ANGLAIS A PARIS

J. M. Fukuda '31

Un jour deux Anglais firent une visite à la capitale de “la belle France.” L'un d'eux ne comprenait pas un mot de français; l'autre se souvenait un peu de ce qu'il avait appris de cette langue d'un professeur allemand. Cela suffirait pour nous faire une idée de son accent; cependant en Anglais débrouillard il pensait pouvoir se tirer d'affaire en s'aidant d'un dictionnaire.

Nos deux bons voyageurs prirent donc logement dans un petit hôtel du Quartier de St. Honoré et, pour s'épargner de trop grands frais, ils louèrent une seule chambre garnie de deux lits. Comme c'était l'hiver, un feu pétillait dans le foyer. Les deux gentilshommes après s'être mis un peu à l'aise, conféraient sur la meilleure manière de passer la soirée. Le premier qui ne comprenait pas le français, étant fatigué, résolut de rester à l'hôtel, tandis que son compagnon irait se promener sur le boulevard en fumant un cigare.

Comme il allait partir, son ami lui demanda de dire au garçon de suivre le feu. Alors, à la hâte en se servant de son “Cassel's Pocket Dic-

tionary” il traduit mot à mot la phrase suivante: “Don't let my fire go out.” Il trouva le garçon d'hôtel sur l'escalier et lui dit: “Ne laissez pas sortir mon feu (feu)—don't let my fool go out of the door—Le garçon parut surpris et alla tout droit dire au maître: “A ce qu'il paraît, l'un des deux Anglais qui sont arrivés ce soir doit être un lunatique, car son compagnon qui est allé se promener m'a demandé de ne pas laisser sortir son feu.” “Dans ce cas, reprit l'hôtelier, le mieux est de fermer la porte de sa chambre à clef; courez vite Jean et enfermez-le à clef.”

Jean fit comme son patron lui avait ordonné. L'Anglais entendit le clic de la serrure et venant vers la porte la trouva fermée. A l'intérieur, notre Anglais s'excita beaucoup et perdit la tête. Il commença à donner des coups de pied, il frappa et donna l'assaut à la porte, mais tout était en vain. Le maître et le garçon étaient en dehors se félicitant de l'avoir enfermé à temps et prenant bien soin de ne pas ouvrir.

“You fools,” cria le malheureux prisonnier. “Ouvrez la porte, je veux sortir.”

“Je ne vous comprends pas” répliqua l'aubergiste. Jean se mit alors à crier à haute voix par le trou de la serrure: “Taisez-vous et restez tranquille.”

“Ouvrez la porte” répéta le prisonnier furieux, ouvrez ou je démolirai tout dans la chambre. Et de fait, un moment après un carreau vola en éclats et on entendit des parties du

mobilier s'écraser contre les murs. Alors l'hôte appela la police. Les autres voyageurs de l'hôtel sortirent de leurs chambres, et dans la rue une foule de passants s'étaient arrêtés. La police arriva et essaya de calmer le soi-disant aliéné, mais aucune menace ne semblait avoir d'effet. Juste à ce moment, son ami revint de promenade. On parvint avec beaucoup de difficulté à s'expliquer; le pauvre homme fut enfin délivré comme n'étant pas lunatique, mais, il était bien sur le point de le devenir.

“LES SORCIERES VIENNENT POUR MOI”

A. Otani '31

Dans la petite ville de Nelpole, située sur une colline au nord-ouest de l'Inde, sévissait une sorte d'épidémie de choléra qui avait mis à contribution toutes les énergies des officiers de santé.

A la porte de l'hôpital un docteur nommé Edward rencontra un grand indigène attendant que son supérieur lui adressât la parole.

“Tous se sont retirés, Mahommed?” dit le docteur. “Je ferai ma tournée après; mettez de l'ordre dans ma chambre.”

“Cela ira bien, Protecteur du Pauvre,” dit l'indigène “mais il y a encore l'enfant Ali, que dois-je faire de lui? Je crois qu'il ne vivra pas jusqu'à demain.

“Ali! Pourquoi? Le petit garçon était tout à fait bien hier. Je n'aurais jamais cru que je le trouverais ici,” dit le docteur, étonné. “Je dois aller et l'examiner.”

Il entra dans l'hôpital, rempli de malades, tous plus morts que vivants.

A l'extrémité de la grande chambre se trouvait un garçon de quelque dix ans, avec de grands yeux ronds, qui ne s'aperçut pas de l'arrivée du docteur.

“Eh bien! Mon petit homme,” dit celui-ci, “et comment allez-vous? Vous n'êtes pas bien?”

“Non, je ne vais pas bien,” dit le petit malade tristement. “Les sorcières sont venues pour moi.” et il tira sa couverture par-dessus son visage.

“Sorcières! Quelle sottise!” dit le docteur, en prenant la main du malade entre les siennes.

“Il n'y a pas de sorcières dans cet hôpital. N'est-ce pas, Mahommed?” et il tourna sa tête vers le grand indigène pour faire confirmer ce qu'il disait.

Mais Mahommed secouait sa tête et solennellement il ajouta. “Je dis vrai, Protecteur du Pauvre, les sorcières sont venues pour le prendre, je les ai moi-même entendues; il mourra.”

"Comment, un grand homme comme vous, vous croyez en ces sottises?" dit le docteur en colère "Je croyais que vous aviez plus de sens commun Sorcières!" dit-il avec un courroux croissant. "Ne parle pas de sorcières, c'étaient des chauves-souris qui vous effrayaient."

Juste à ce moment ils entendirent un bruit étrange sur le toit de l'hôpital, comme si quelqu'un venait d'y frapper.

Le petit Ali était effrayé et il jeta un cri perçant. "Les sorcières sont venues pour moi. Les sorcières! Oh! sauvez-moi! sauvez-moi," et il s'évanouit.

"Vous avez entendu, Protecteur du Pauvre," dit Mahommed; "Ce sont des sorcières. Qui autrement aurait frappé sur notre toit? Il n'y a personne sauf nous trois. Ce sont des sorcières et l'enfant va mourir. C'est le destin!"

"Ce ne sont pas des sorcières, et l'enfant ne mourra pas," dit le Protecteur du Pauvre à haute voix, "et je ne partirai pas d'ici jusqu'à ce que tout soit au clair. Courage, Ali!" dit-il au petit garçon tremblant dans son lit; personne ne te fera de mal. Dieu te protégera. Maintenant Mahommed, fais un bon café et apporte quelques biscuits, Ali

peut-être a faim. Et avant votre retour, je trouverai vos merveilleuses sorcières pour vous.

Ces mots, et peut-être aussi le café et les biscuits réjouirent, le petit Ali; il ne fit aucune difficulté pour laisser partir le docteur qui tout de suite tourna autour de l'hôpital.

Il n'y avait pas de traces de pas sur la terre excepté les siennes, et celles de Mahommed. Tout à coup de petites pierres vinrent en grésillement sur le toit les unes après les autres, et aussitôt on entendit les cris du petit malade. Ainsi, c'est ceci les soi-disant sorcières!

Mais d'où venaient les cailloux? Personne n'était en vue; mais il y avait là-bas à quelque dix mètres plus loin un grand arbre. Il était possible qu'un homme se fût caché dans l'épais feuillage. Un instant après le docteur trouva un garçon du même âge que Ali, glissant en bas de l'arbre et disant: "Comment va Ali? A-t-il entendu mes salutations?...Hier, bien souvent j'ai jeté des pierres pour lui faire savoir que je suis ici. Quand pourra-t-il venir à la maison?"

Le docteur rit à haute voix. Ainsi c'est vous le "Petit Sorcier." Ali n'est pas bien. Mais venez avec moi et vous lui expliquerez que c'est vous qui avez jeté des pierres."



THE LIGHT

There is a Light
That leads me on;
It is lovely and sweet,
As the fresh-blown dawn.

This Light once shone,
On Calvary's hill,
Where the Savior died
By His Father's will.

In storms and rain,
When all is tears
And all seems lost;
I have no fears.

I only pray
To Him above,
For His sweet light,
His comforting love.

That this guiding Light
My footsteps keep,
As I tread the path
So narrow, steep.

George G. Mayers '30

SUNSET

Across the bay, the hills no more
Their misty garb maintain;
But scarlet rays now splash their gore,
And daub a glaring stain.

The ripples dance in silv'ry glee;
Many a tiny mirror marks
In scintillations the purple sea,
That flash like living sparks.

The golden sails of fishing craft
Lie drooping in their rest;
Whilst across the waters softly waft
The breeze's incense on their crest.

Perceptibly the west dyes gray,
The heavens seem annoyed,
The sun it bids adieu today
And sinks in ebon void.

The smoke of busy steamers curls
Into the somber sky.
The distant stars peep out like pearls,
And night-owls wander nigh.

O'er woodland, valley, mountain crest,
The fire-flies their night-watch keep
All nature huddles down to rest,
And succumbs to peaceful sleep.

H. Oka '30

THE RAINBOW

The watery sheets have ceased to fall
Upon the verdant face of spring;
The gentle rays of the sunshine call
The rainbow's 'pearence in the sky.

"Thou triumphal arch! Thou celestial glow!"
The chantful chorus from the birds
Mingles soft with the murmuring flow,
Of the limpid brooklet's monotonous song.

"Thou angel bridge! Thou home of colours!"
The balmy whispers, the wind transports
From the lofty trees and the lowly flowers,
To the radiant rainbow's heavenly throne.

"Thou smile of Heaven! Thing of delight!"
Raising my thoughts to a better world.
A passing vision of that wonderous sight
Thou art, that will greet the just fore'er.

Michael Ohno '30

GLORIOUS SAILSHIP

Out on the Ocean bathed in light,
Heaving and rocking from morn till night.
Into the moonlight's silvery flow,
Sailing in cadence to the west wind's blow.
Over the waters happy and gay,
Into the starlight rushing thru spray,
Ever in motion, gladsome and cheery;
Still sailing southward never weary.
Glad of the weather, seldom at rest.
Upward and downward on the briny crest,
Ceaseless progressing, ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine, never spent.
Glorious sailship! We for the sea!
Thru flying spray, and billows free.

J. Sawai '31

RUSTIC JOYS

The humble rural cottages,
How endearing they stand
Amidst the tall, ancestral trees,
About the verdant land.
The warbling brooks o'er the pebbles bound,
In shade and sunny gleam;
And slow the mill turns round and round,
To join the greeting stream.

The thatched abodes, the hamlets;
These house the rustic soul.
Here honest gossip makes its round,
While temple-bells their booming toll

Send forth upon the mists of tranquil eve;
And soft the murmurs thru the fading hills
Enchanting echoes wind and weave
A spell of calm that nature fills.

G. Gomes '31

THE SEXTON

The din of day has ceased to be,
For night is nigh.
Great sombre clouds of purplish hue,
Steal 'neath the sky.

A patch in eerie blackness stands,
An ancient temple dark,
Which though by human hands upraised,
Now bears the gale's deep mark.

Out from its massive oaken door
Forth comes, in snowy whiteness clad,
A figure old and bent with toil,
All weary, grave and sad.

Before a brass-tongued bell,
With fear the sexton bends a knee;
With twitching hands he strikes
Almost with guilt, then hearkens he.

Thru hushed and clammy air slow glides
The boom with muffled tones,
And in its tragic echoes sad,
He fancies painful moans.

Low-toned and gruff, the bell's weird voice,
Reluctant stays, then in oblivion fades.
Broke lies the spell—the sexton steals
With deep'ning awe into the temple shade.

William R. Mayers '31

THE TOUCH OF SPRING

The beaming verdant bowers
Deck the laughing rills,
And freshly budded flowers,
Speckle the sunny hills.

No more the dead grass in the meadows,
But the smooth and velvet green.
No more the dark and gloomy shadows
Upon the sunny hills are seen,

C. Yamada '31

EDITORIALS

INTER-CLASS GAMES AND CLASS SPIRIT

George G. Mayers '30

INTER-CLASS games are not merely beneficial to health, but they help to foster a genuine class-spirit among the team mates. What is this class-spirit? It is the invisible bond of union among the members of a class together with the love this bond engenders. Affection and union soon result in a yearning desire to work in harmony for the welfare of the class.

If class-spirit is lacking in a group, there is no longer gayety, good cheer, nor healthful enthusiasm; however, once this class-spirit has been kindled excessively it may rise to such a heat as to require a deluge to quench its ardor. Class-spirit in moderation, then, is an important factor towards the happiness of the students.

Inter-class games teach pupils to love honor, and stand up for their classes. The participants in the games learn to fight for their class. They also learn that each and every member of the team is necessary; that each is fighting for the other; that if there were but one man missing, the remainder would be weak and helpless like a chain with a broken link. Yes, they learn the

truth of the saying: "*In Unity there is Strength.*" Is this not a great lesson for their after-life?

Those who thru inability cannot play in the teams, stand and cheer from the side lines. They also derive profit from these games. They learn the precious art of encouraging others. When these see their comrades battling for the honor of their class, they are inspired with a desire to imitate this self-sacrificing labor for the common good.

The very losers of the inter-class contests can derive profit from them. It requires real manhood and gentlemanliness to take defeat like a sport. They see that one team must indeed lose; but they are bursting with the desire to be the winning side. They learn the value of *Perseverance and Heroism*.

The victors also learn to take victory in the right spirit. The wheel of fortune has manifold turns; and the victors of today may be the vanquished of tomorrow. "*Not to be Elated by Success, not to be Dejected by Defeat*" is the great lesson to be learned from inter-class sports. Happy the teams that put this lesson into practice.

LATIN - TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

Hiroshi Oka '30

MANY have been the murderous jabs taken at the horrible language of the Romans. In fact, among the Seniors and the Juniors, a regular crusade has been organized to down it: budding poets have groped about for darkest-dyed similes; confirmed cynics have developed a good bit of ingenious sarcasm with which to spray the memories of the authors of Latin.

It has reached my incredulous ears that some people indeed like Latin. What I should like to do is to sound the incomprehensible mystery of their predilection for this dead language.

Not only is Latin dead, but it is a killer itself. I haven't heard anything about Romans since I learnt ancient history. The majority of our boys after having succumbed to the evil effects of Latin in life would be further tormented after death were they to have a "Hic jacet" on their tombstones.

But there is at least one argument for it. The Latinist finds it astonishingly easy to manipulate all sorts of moods and tenses in English, easier still to manage case-endings, whilst he alone is capable of untying the Gordian knot of sequence of tenses. Latin also helps us to understand jawbreakers almost at sight. Fellows that have half a mind to turn doctor or scientist or lawyer or clergyman or some learned body will find Latin only too useful.

As for the rest of us, who will eventually join the rank and file of the business world, we need a short vocabulary as this one: *ad valorem*, *per cent*, *pro rata*, *in transitu*. So rejoice, men of business!

I've heard that it sounds profound, erudite and elegant to wind up with Latin proverbs. Here are some.

We Seniors keep a sort of collection of these proverbs and use them at the proper time. They make up about all the Latin we know.

If our professor orates: "Aut vincere aut mori" (Either to conquer or to die), or "Omnia vincit labor" (Labor conquers all), we reply "Ne quid nimis" (Not too much of anything), or "Est modus in rebus" (There is a measure in everything). If he urges us to study more Latin, we retort "In medio tutissimus ibis" (The safest place to go is in the middle); for many are the souls that have died by the study of this noble tongue! If he exclaims "Labor ipse voluptas" (Labor itself is a pleasure), we confess that "Jacta est alea" (The die is cast), and that we don't want to work. If his calculating eye finds a horde of savage mistakes, the proverb "Humanum est errare" (To err is human) comes to the rescue. If his incensed voice impresses us that we should study Latin 10 minutes more instead of playing 5 hours more, we reply "Dum vivimus vivamus" (Let us live whilst we live). If he glowers at the one or the other who has accidentally copied a task, the one blamed has to say: "Qui facit per alium, facit per se." (He who does by his agent, does by himself.) So, Seniors and Juniors, Latin has its few uses.

But when the professor says: "You can't keep a good thing down," we are at a loss what to do. For indeed the Latin can't somehow be kept down.

So let us study Latin; if we die early it is not our fault.

IF NOT, WHY NOT?

K. Alt '30

OF what is the universe composed? It is composed of innumerable stars, planets, suns, moons and other heavenly bodies. We know this by simply looking at the sky on any cloudless night. But what is the shape of the universe? Is it globular, cylindrical or cuboid? Has it any definite shape? Until now I have never heard or read of any subject that treated these questions. One day—it was last year—while studying physics, I suddenly got an idea as to the shape of the universe. Since that day, I have believed, I do believe, and I will believe that the shape of the universe is *round*.

How did I come to the conclusion that the universe is round? Before answering this question, can you tell me why a drop of water suspended in space assumes a globular shape? You will reply, I am sure, in this manner: "A drop of water suspended in space assumes a globular shape because of the cohesive force of the surrounding matter. And since the most compact form of any matter is a globe, the water molecules form a sphere." This is just the answer I wanted. But, some of you might ask, what relation is there between a drop of water and the universe? There is. First of all, the drop of water is a part of the universe, and secondly, the laws of nature governing this infinitesimal little drop are the same as the laws of nature governing everything in the universe. I

had compared each water molecule to one of the heavenly bodies. We know that there is an attraction between the heavenly bodies just as well as between molecules, which fact is only one of the examples for the answer you gave me.

The next question you might ask is, why is there so much space between the heavenly bodies? I have written that the most compact form is a sphere or a globe. Many persons believe that there is no space in a drop of water, but, according to the great Dutch physicist, Christian Huygens, there is a thing as intermolecular space, and as a drop of water is composed of molecules, it is evident that it has space within itself. If intermolecular space exists, why shouldn't interstellar? Then, it is nearly impossible for even the greatest minds to conceive the thought of the limit of the universe. We do not know how many quintillion light-years our earth is from the limit. But, everything existing in the concrete has a limit. The only unlimited Being is God. The universe is not God. It is a created "thing." Hence, just as a drop of water has a limit, so has the universe. If a drop of water containing a great number of molecules assumes a spherical shape, why not the universe?

From all the above comparisons, we can see that the universe is nothing but a big drop of water having all the planets, the suns, the moons and the stars as molecules, and the space between these bodies is nothing but intermolecular space of magnified dimensions. Therefore, I conclude that the universe is *round*.

ARE YOU HAPPY OR ARE YOU NOT?

Y. M. Ohno '30

NOWADAYS, when the world is getting more and more sentimental, we come across people who are always thoughtlessly blurt-ing out: "Oh, how happy I am!" or "Is there any one so happy as I?" Do these people know what is meant by the word happiness? It is easier to see thru a lump of coal, than to get a decent answer from these folks. If you don't believe it, just ask them yourself, and see what bright answers you will get.

"What is real happiness in this world?" This question was not asked to ordinary people, some of whom have and some of whom have not common sense, but to a beggar, and an extremely poor beggar. The question was addressed by Ryokan—a very celebrated Buddhist priest—as the beggar sat at the entrance of the temple.

"Is there anything that excites greater happiness than the recovery of some money we had lost?" replied the beggar, after a moment of reflection. "That's happiness!"

"What!" exclaimed Ryokan. There was a look of inquiry in his oblong physiognomy; but without further ado he opened his purse and dropped a coin to the ground.

"Something must be wrong; I don't feel happy—no, not in the least," declared the follower of Buddha, slowly picking up the coin from the ground.

"Try it again," insisted the beggar.

This time the coin rolled along, until it disappeared among the grass. Ryokan stopped to look for it, but alas! it could not be found. Until

his bald pate became redder than an overripe tomato did the Buddhist priest search. At last, after what seemed to be hours to the searcher, he discovered the coin.

"Indeed, it is happiness! Ah! how happy I feel to have the coin back," said Ryokan wiping the sweat from his brow.

Now each one of us is a Ryokan; and our duty is the coin. The easier it is for us to pick it up, i.e. the easier for us to accomplish our duty, the less will be the happiness.

But then does happiness consist in accomplishing wonders? Take, for example Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon, the three greatest military geniuses who have filled pages of history with their deeds of wonder. Did they know what real happiness means? Consider how each ended his career of worldly greatness. Alexander drowned in a river. Caesar was stabbed by his friend Brutus. Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena. Once more, did they know what real happiness is? Of course not. And why? Because their conception of real happiness lay in the satisfying of an unlimited ambition. They always groped for more in the blindness of their passion. Since they knew no satisfaction, happiness was out of question, or their supposed happiness was but momentary. What if the Buddhist priest looked for more coin than he had dropped? He would be foolish, yet it was this foolishness that these military geniuses committed.

Horace in his "Epistles" says:

"Avoid greatness; in a cottage there may be more real happiness than kings or their favorites enjoy." Goethe also says in his "Iphigenia auf Tauris": "The highest happiness, the greatest joys of life wear out at last." Therefore happiness consists not in accomplishing wonders but it must be spiritual, pure, and not imbued with worldly greatness.

Then who are those, that are happy? Juvenal in his "Satires" gives a very excellent answer to the

question: "We deem those happy who, from the experience of life, have learned to bear its ills, without being overcome by them." Schiller says in his "Wallenstein's Lager": "The will of man is his happiness." In short, happiness consists in that power to control our will despite the difficulties and afflictions of this life." As La Rochefoucauld's "Maximes" says: "We are never so happy, nor so unhappy as we suppose ourselves to be."

WHAT'S IN A SMILE?

G. M. Kikuchi '30

HAVE you ever seen a genuine happy smile and not felt an answering smile steal into your features? Those tiny workings of the muscles—what pleasure they give! Smile your way through troubles, thus all opposition will melt away.

If you meet an enemy, smile first; and if he has any thought of fairness in him he will answer it. The answer may be given grudgingly, but yet it is a smile. If he doesn't—he is either inhuman or terribly ignorant.

Smile when there is good fellowship around you. Do not wear the insolent sneering smile, but a pleasant smile—a smile we like to see on everyone. What kind of face do you prefer to look at, one as glum as a Puritan's or a laughing Cavalier's?

The Puritans and Cavaliers are good examples of two characters. Contrast the stern, severe, meagre

countenance of the Puritans, whose faces would have cracked if even the ghost of a smile flittered across, to the gay, smiling cheerfulness of the Cavaliers. One sees all the sunshine in this life; the other is always out in the rain. And who succeeds best? Why, you would give your last coin to that genial, good-natured chap with the everlasting smile. And you would think twice before you even wasted a word on that glum, chilly cake of ice.

So smile everywhere, every place and every time; and remember the words of a popular song:

"Have a smile for everyone you meet
And everyone will have a smile for you.
Every mile along life's busy street
Is filled with friendship true.
Each tomorrow brings new sorrows
So why borrow tears?
The thing to do is —
Have a smile for everyone you meet
And everyone will have a smile for you."

FLAMING YOUTH

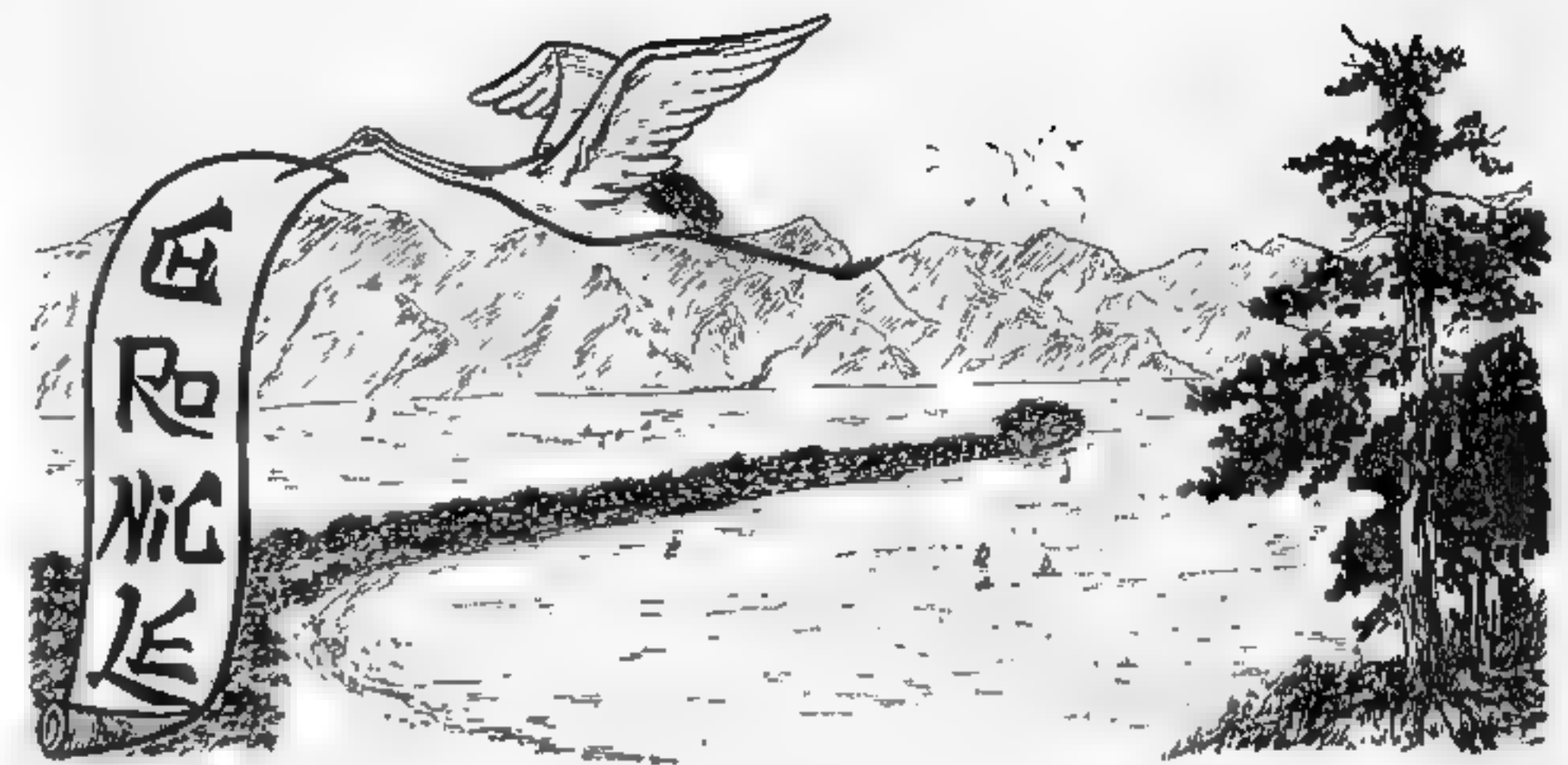
"So many inane remarks are heard from the Bench nowadays that it is a pleasure to hear Mr. J. A. R. Cairus, a noted magistrate, expressing views that will meet with the approval of every sane man.

'The modern drama is supposed to hold the mirror up to life. It does not,' said Mr. Cairus, defending the family virtues of the preceding generations. 'The curtain is always rung down too soon—before the aftermath, before the audience can see the consequences of what has happened on the stage.

There is one stark fact that faces those of us who are up against red, raw life—the younger generation may think they have discovered a new liberty, but they have not found any method of evading the old penalties. That is the bitter thing about life. Life does not forgive.'

As he saw the modern world, Mr. Cairus preferred the ideals of an older generation. The discrediting of everything somewhat old had robbed youth of much that was valuable."

Taken from "Home Topics"
Feb. 11, 1928.



George G. Mayers '30

MR. JANNING HONORED BY FRENCH GOVERNMENT

WE are happy to congratulate Mr. Joseph Janning, former teacher of the Senior Class of S.J.C. on the occasion of his decoration by the French Government. He has been made "Officier de l'Instruction Publique" in recognition of his services in the work of education at the College. The accompanying cut shows the medal which he has received as a token of these services.



ST. JOSEPH'S DAY

As in former years, our great feast day was joyously spent. In the morning after church services, we had a grand entertainment. There were songs by the School Choir, music furnished by our future stars, and a play by two of Mr. Higli's boys, J. Humbert, and D. G. Stephens. These were followed by "barrels of fun" furnished by the following boys: J. Harris, B. Yamamoto, A. Pohl, K. Tamura. After this came a comedy of four acts, a parody of Shakespeare's immortal tragedy "*Julius Caesar*." As many of the spectators agreed, the capers of the comic actors and the outbursts of laughter from the audience would have made the "Poet" turn in his grave. The boys who participated in the play were: P. Tompkison, M. Dave, C. Boyd, G. Mayers,

F. Savory, G. Beckman, S. Manley, and H. Schoene. All departed with the feeling that they had spent a very pleasant hour.

EDITOR BREAKING INTO PRINT

Verily there are writers amongst us! Our editor-general, Charley Alt, has broken into print by having one of his stories published by the "Sentinel," an American magazine. Not content with editing the "Forward" he seeks new fields to conquer. Good work, Charley!

CINEMA

During the first term, no shows were given; but this term, the movies were started as in other years. The S.J.C. Cinema Club (prominent members of which are M. Tsuji and M. Ganin) conducts the shows. A big and jolly crowd gathers together regularly on Saturdays. We have quite a happy time. Come and try once; there is nothing like trying!

DOCTOR GRAUERT AWARD-ED PROFESSORSHIP

We take this opportunity to congratulate Doctor Grauert the school physician, who has been made Honorary Professor of the Imperial University of Tokio. May he live to receive many more honors in his chosen work!

CASUALTIES

George T. Otani, the business manager of the illustrious eleven of '30, fell victim to the ravages of scarlet

fever and lay in bed for 50 days. He returned to his home in Kobe to regain his health. He has already obtained many Kobe ads for our "Forward" although he is not in perfect health as yet. We all hope to have him back with us soon.

Joseph H. Asahina the "strongman" of the Sophs suffered a severe attack of pneumonia. He, however, is at present on the road to recovery. We wish him a quick return of health.

COLLEGE LIBRARY

Our S.J.C. Central Library is growing by leaps and bounds. New shelves have been made, and many new books have been obtained. The Librarian, Mr. Abromitis, and his able assistants, Masters F. Savory, S. Manley, H. Frank, and G. Walker, are doing their best to develop a true love for reading among the boys.

FORWARD RECORD SALE

The Subscription sale for the year 1929-1930 was a grand success. The boys established a record. They sold more than eight hundred subscriptions without special encouragements or "pep" meetings. Many thanks to all the classes who contributed so loyally.

The advertisements were on level with the subscriptions. In spite of the "hard times," the Ads Club came up to the record of the best of previous years. Congratulations, Ads Club, keep up the good work!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Mrs. Manley donated ninety Geographical magazines to the School Central Library. This gift will not only enlarge the Library, but will also

help the students in their various studies. We are more than thankful to Mrs. Manley for her generous gift.

Rev. Brother Flum of St. Louis College, Honolulu, donated fine specimens of Hawaiian coral and shells. This will greatly enrich our Conchological Collection. Our thanks, Brother!

Mrs. Cooke of Yokohama donated fifteen storybooks to the School Library. Thank you, from all the boys.

Mr. D. Langford made generous donations to the Conchological Collection. Mr. Langford surely has the interests of the College at heart.

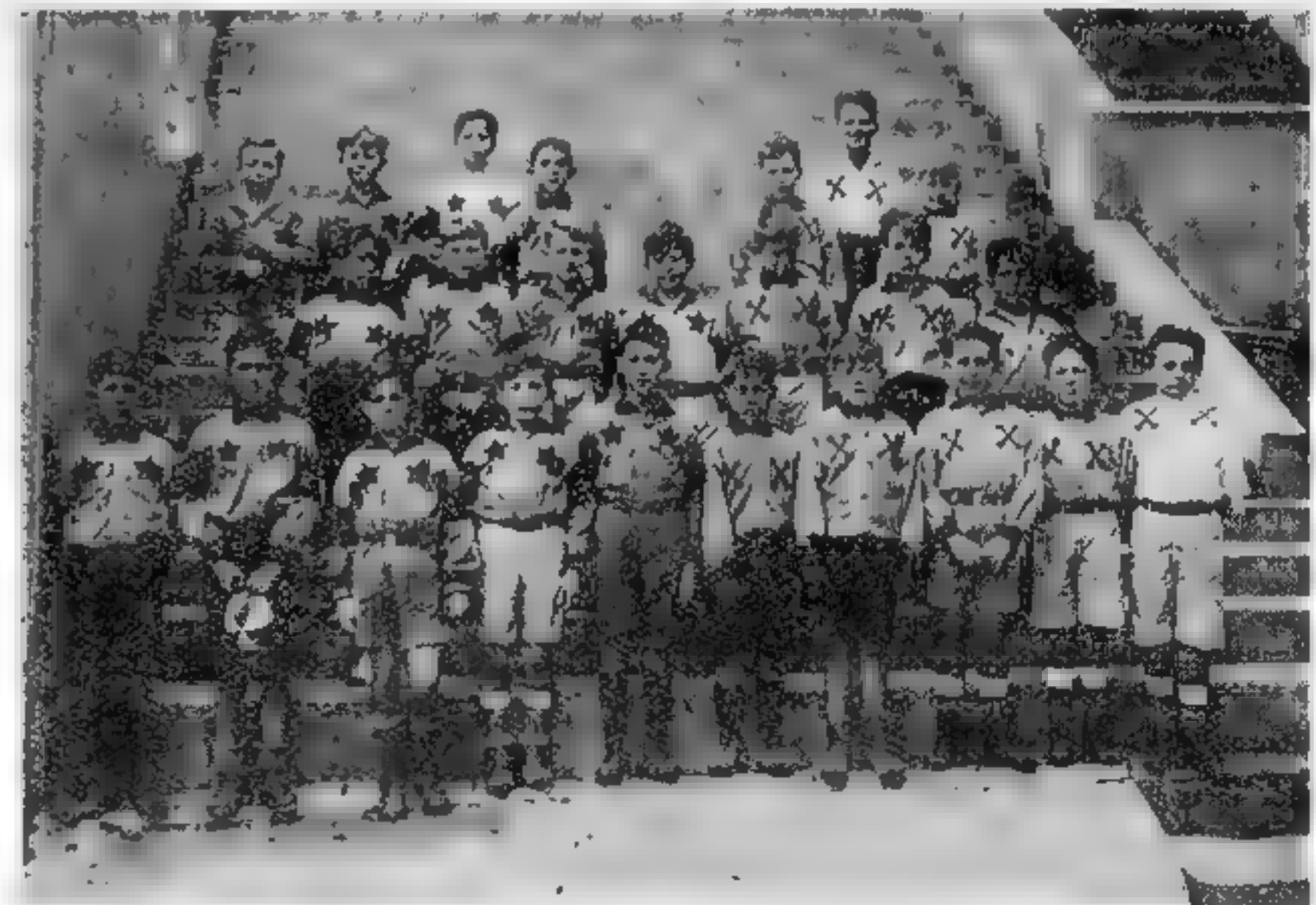
Master V. Chirskoff made a gift of eighteen storybooks. Our thanks.

F. Savory, G. Walker, and R. Russell contributed to the College Library. They set an admirable example to all the other students!

Master S. Manley the Librarian, donated twenty storybooks. He is certainly starting young in his generous work.

Rev. Juan Pons, S.J. of the South Islands made a gift of several hundred rare shells for our Museum. Accept our sincere thanks, Father.

Mr. Kern of Yokohama constantly keeps helping the financial side of the College. We appreciate your generosity, Mr. Kern,



STARS

B. Cooke. D. Cull. E. Hong. M. Luther.
P. d'Aquino. D. Stephens. J. Meyers. J. Humbert
L. Guizard. O. Pettersson.
W. Blamey (Cap't.). L. Mérie. J. Hay.

ARROWS

R. Emery. G. Janson. L. Petit. C. Grossmann.
A. Albeck. E. Saito. P. de Castro.
J. Bryden. D. Charlesworth.
G. Agajan (Cap't.). O. Enikeieff. E. Pearsall.

CHANGE IN FACULTY



Mr. Ferdinand Sauer

WE regret that we are obliged to bid farewell to Mr. Fischer, teacher of the Sixth Year. He has been at S.J.C. only five months; yet in that short time he has won a place in the hearts of his boys. Mr. Fischer has been transferred to the Star of the Sea Middle School, Nagasaki. We surely wish him all success in his new field of labor.

Whilst we are bidding farewell to Mr. Fischer, we welcome into our midst Mr. Ferdinand Sauer, who will replace him. Mr. Sauer is originally from the States, having been born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He has been in Japan seven years, most of which time he has passed teaching at the Star of the Sea School, Nagasaki. We are happy to have him among us; and we are sure that he will render valuable

service towards the education of the youth of S.J.C.

THE TEACHER

By C. S. Holden

- "Sail your argosies far and near,
Build a highway and harvest a fen,
Raise your derricks and rig your gear—
But I make men.
- "Toil at the loom, the bench, the mart,
Wield your hammer, or write with a pen,
Mine is to fashion the human heart—
For I make men.
- "Of babes born and of cradled joys,
Of lads that look like a waking ken,
Of God's Own Infinite files of boys
Do I make men.
- "When as a scroll the land and sea
Pass, and the books be opened, then
God in mercy be kind to me,
For I made men."



H. Salter '30

Mr. J. F. Janning wrote from Cleveland, Ohio, informing us that he was a little ill recently. We hope that he has fully recovered and also that he has as much success at Cathedral Latin School as he had at S.J.C. We are still with him in spirit.

Mr. Herner is now teaching in the preparatory department of the University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio. We wish him all success and best of health. We hope that he may return to S.J.C. some day.

I. Z. Agafuroff '26 sent from distant Harbin, for a "Forward" subscription. That's right, Aga, you've got the real Alumni spirit.

John S. Boyd '19 of Falkirk, Scotland sent some interesting scientific biographies for this issue. We are very thankful to our "Honorable Editor" for his many contributions to the "Forward."

Reginald Price '29 averaged for the intelligence test at the University of Dayton more than 96%. He always was a clever student.

Mr. Galstaun is now living in San Francisco. His son *Vanick* is doing well at grammar school there. *Lionel* '29 who is the youngest student in the University of Dayton got over 96% for mid-year examinations.

Nicholas Didishko '29 received 91% in exams at the U.D. He is going to devote more time to mathematics, as he desires to become a civil engineer.

John M. Walker '28 is teaching the sixth grade of the St. Joseph College, Victoria, Hongkong. He is also stenographer to the Director of the College. He finds teaching rather strenuous but very interesting.

Lewis L. Shaw '29 (St. Columba's, Dublin) hopes all at S.J.C. are well. He received the French prize due to the excellent training received at this College. He is going into sports and expects to receive the school colours, an official recognition from the sports committee.

D. R. Daver '22, Kobe, thinks the "Forward" keeps splendid school spirit kindled in the old "grads." He likes the Joke Column especially, and claims it is better than four issues of "Punch" put together.

Pierre Savary is now staying in Villa "Les Trefles" La Courade, Grasse, Alpes Maritimes. He is glad to hear S.J.C. is increasing in attendance. He hopes it will become the

best foreign school in Japan, and regrets that he had to leave.

B. M. Levaco, Tientsin, wants to subscribe by all means. Four S.J.C. boys in that city are in the Junior Ice-hockey League. They are Kobilnitsky, Kaptzan, Chernowetsky and himself. He will try to raise some subscriptions among the old boys there.

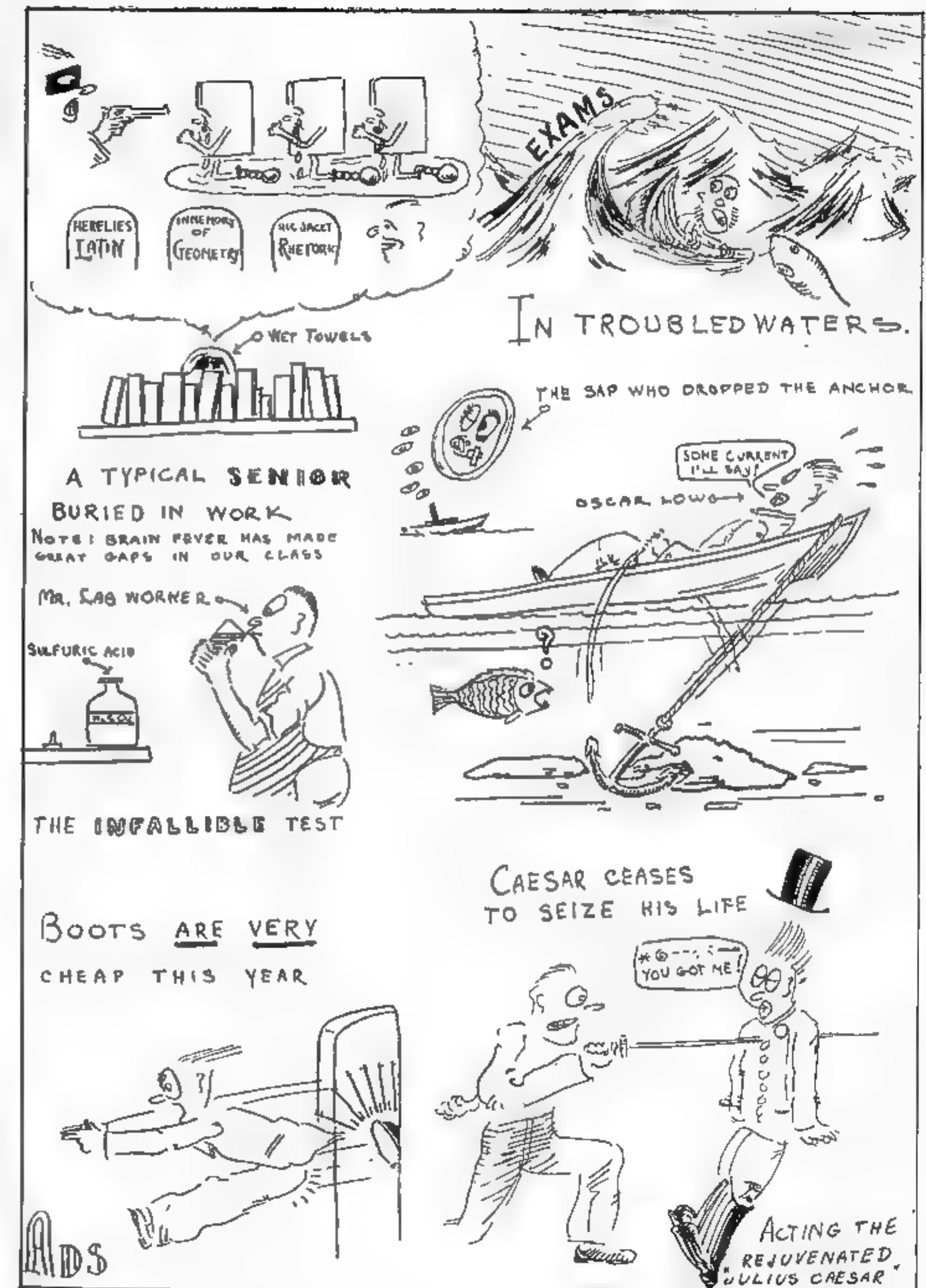


WHITES

H. Luther. J. Tan. S. Darbier.
R. Cooke. H. Ishibashi. Min Foo.
H. Fernandes. H. Grossmann.
J. Planas (Capt.). J. Arai. J. Kan.

BLUES

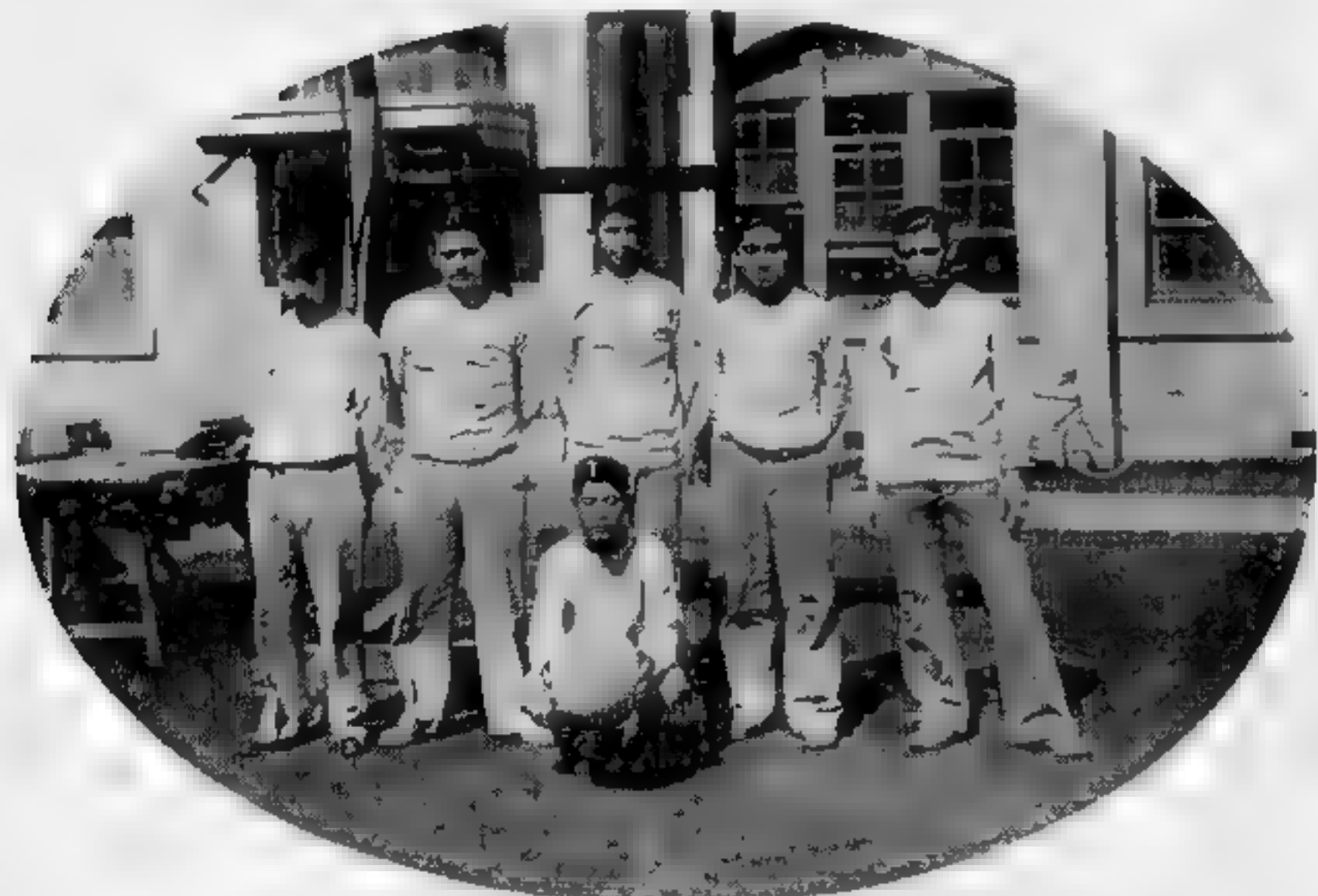
F. Eastlake. G. Gilley. R. Russell.
E. Wood. J. Iijima. J. Chan.
S. Duer. I. Tretiakoff.
L. Rocha (Cap't.). J. Kern. G. Cheng.



First Team

M. TSUJI. W. LEE. T. TURNER. G. MAYERS.
S. LEON.

Second Team

T. NISHIYAMA. H. SCHOENE. F. SAVORY. J. SAWAI. K. HAY.
F. KONDO.

THE football side of the sports has been a little slack this term on account of the forming of two basketball teams, the greater part whose members were taken from our football crew. The crippled football team reenforced by a few new members such as: Otani, Boris, and Fukuzawa managed to play a few games.

The following are the principal games:

Jan. 11	...	Kanagawa Kogyo	...	1	S. J. C.	...	9
" 19	...	Y. C. & A. C.	...	3	"	...	2
Feb. 14	...	S. S. Macedonia	...	2	"	...	1
" 19	...	S. S. Lumen	...	1	"	...	3
Mar. 7	...	Cyma	...	0	"	...	3
" 15	...	Cyma	...	0	"	...	6

THE KANAGAWA KOGYO GAME

This was the first and last game played in full force. Fresh from the Championship victories of the preceding term, the S.J.C. proceeded to trim up their opponents in good style. It was an easy game for the Blue and Whites from the first. They were always pressing their opponents while the Kanagawa team made only occasional raids. The first half ended with the score 2-0.

The K.K. desperately tried to tie the score but the S.J.C. had got into their stride and the visitors' attack were

broken up by the halfbacks. The home gridders continued the scoring. Towards the end of the second half the Kanagawa got in their solitary shot.

The final score was: K.K.—1 S.J.C.—9.

S.S. MACEDONIA vs. S.J.C.

The game against the Macedonians was played with a crippled team. Their combination was impossible for the home gridders. At first the Saints broke up their attacks but soon the

superior weight of the "Canaries" began to tell, and they scored two points. M. Ganin towards the close of the second half scored our one goal.

The game ended S.S. Macedonia—2 S.J.C.—1.

S.S. LUMEN vs. S.J.C.

A mixed S.J.C. team met the Lumen on Saturday, Feb. 19. Though most of the regular players were absent the impromptu team showed the true S.J.C. spirit. It was a very equal game, both sides having many tries at goal. The weight of the sailors was counteracted by the rapidity of the Saints.

The score was Lumen—1. S.J.C.—3.

YOKOHAMA CYMA vs. S.J.C.

In the first half the S.J.C. had all they could do to keep down the Cyma forwards. They were continually on the attack, but the steady defense of the S.J.C. fullbacks always sent the pigskin spinning over their heads. During a lull in the opponent's attacks the St. Joseph's darted through, and forced a goal.

In the second half it was the turn of the Saints to attack. The opposing backs were always on the defense. Oscar Low soon netted the ball. The Blue and Whites continued the attack and M. Ganin increased the score by another point. The game ended with some ping-pong play.

The score stood 3—0 in favor of the Saints.

PROSPECTS OF THE ARROWS

Despite the fact that many of their seniors had directed interest from football to basketball the Arrows, our fighting youngsters, stood by the old reliable sport. They have since been rewarded for their perseverance by a victory which they had long desired. The Sanchu II eleven had always been a sore spot to the S.J.C. pride. Our Squires of the Boot had never been able to defeat nor had they been defeated by the Sanchu contingency. The scores after heated struggles had always stood a tie.

In a game in which our 'prentice eleven met the Sanchu School, our boys had the upper hand from the first. It was a fairly fast game and our youngsters showed themselves capable of taking up the course of their elders. By clever short passes the Arrows slipped thru the Sanchu players and Rocha scored the opening goal. Igor soon followed him by a shot from close in. Juanito bagged the final point of the first half.

The second half opened with desperate inroads of the Sanchu team but they were kept from scoring. The Arrows resumed their attacks and Heinz made the fourth goal. After some more midfield play, Juanito scored the last point making it five to nil.

BASKETBALL NEWS

S.J.C. vs. Sanchu Middle School

The first game of the season was played against the III Middle School on the Saint's court. The S.J.C. players started off with tremendous speed, scoring point after point. The teams were very well-balanced and

the scoring was also even. Both teams played steadily, until the whistle blew for half time. The score was 13—13.

The Saints began the second half with undiminished rapidity but lack of practice began to tell. The Sanchu gradually began to be less hampered in their scoring. The whistle blew with Sanchu as victors.

Score: 18—28.

Referee: Mr. W. Abromitis.

S.J.C. vs. Asano Middle School

In this game the S.J.C. were superior to the Asano team in shooting as well as in guarding. The Saints started the scoring. The Asano Mid-

dle School Team, was completely baffled by the fast S.J.C. playing; the floor was in S.J.C. keeping. The Saints practiced shooting to their heart's content.

Score: 56 to 12.

Referee: Mr. Tsuji.

S.J.C. "B" Team vs. Sanchu

The "B" Team is skipping along quite lively. In the game against Sanchu they ran away from the latter. Leon was the top scorer whilst Schoene and Sawai defended admirably.

Score: 25 to 9.

Referee: Mr. G. Mayers.



The Imperial Palace (Tokyo)
(城宮) 東京



M. Ganin — '30

Never Abused

Prof to grimy chemistry class: "Have any of you used sodium stearate today?"

20 grimy heads shook their negative.

Prof: "Ah, I thought so. Boys, sodium stearate is another name for soap."

Aqua Reginae

Chem prof: "What is the best solvent for gold?"

Aged student: "Marriage."

Good Reasons for Wearing Out

1st Scientist: "This skull once belonged to a woman."

2nd Scientist: "How do you know?"

1st: "By the extremely worn appearance of the jaws."

Knew It for Once

Latin teacher: "What is the meaning of the proverb 'humanum est errare'?"

Bonehead: "Humanity is a mistake."

Teacher: "Wrong!"

Bonehead (trying to excuse himself): "To err is human, you know."

Teacher (surprised): "That's the first time you knew your lesson in 4 months."

Needed: Interest

Bookkeeping teacher: "What is interest?"

Pupil: "It's something in which I have no interest."

Passed with Honors

"You see that rust there?" said one student to another after a heated discussion on chemistry.

"Yes."

"What is its chemical name?"

"Oxide of iron."

"That is so. Now tell me what is the chemical name for leather?"

"There is none!"

"Oh, yes there is!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Simply ox-hide."

Biting the Dust Without Teeth

'Twas said of Simon Slow,
That he'd his teeth knocked out;
He couldn't chew a thing, and so

He had to sip, no doubt.

Once called to dine was he

And feasted on milk and reek

A talker known was he:

They urged him on to speak.

He stood from up his chair

And did as asked to please.

The end of it was rare

In humor, brewed in ease.

He said: "When death o'ertake

This good-for-nothing clay of mine

Hark! without any fool mistake

Upon my tomb design:

Here lieth Simon Slow, inside of here,

Into this life, was Slow such year

admit.

The grimy dust he bit in such a year;

'Twas the first and last full bite
he bit."

H. Oka '30

Empty

Professor: "Why don't you answer me?"

Fresh: "I did, Professor. I shook my head."

Prof.: "But you don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here, do you?"

What's Watt

While motoring in England an American tourist stopped at a garage to have a small defect to his accumulator remedied.

"Say," he inquired, when the job was done, "what's the charge for this battery?"

"One and a half volts, sir."

The American looked puzzled.

"Yes," he said at length, "but how does it work out in American money?"

Knew It

Teacher: "Now, boys, what's wrong with this sentence:—'The toast was drank in silence'?"

Tot in rear: "I know. It should be 'The toast was eaten in silence!'"

First Essential

Fond Mother: "I am going to make an artist of my little boy."

Friend: "Has he any special aptitude for the profession?"

Fond Mother: "Oh, yes. He can go three days without eating."

Always Welcome

Club Member: "I say, old man, a fellow I know is charged with stealing whisky. Will you take the case?"

Lawyer (absently): "Rather! Send it round to my office!"

Case for Doctor

The old lady was feeling so bad the maid sent for the doctor.

"What's the matter with your mistress?" he inquired.

"I don't know, sir," answering the maid, "but she wants to die."

"Ah," said the doctor, "then you did right to send for me."

Exceptionally Gifted

Mrs. Jones: "I hear that your Theodore is very fine as an engineer."

Mrs. Smith: "Yes, only last week he made a violin all out of his own head, and has enough wood left to make another."

Empty-Headed

Bertie: Queer fellows, these poets! There's 'one, for instance, who speaks of 'an aching void!' Now, how can a void ache?"

Gertie: "Have you never had a headache?"

Don't See the Fun

Officer (referring to member of crew who has been picked up after being in the water for over an hour): "Is he all right?"

Sailor: "Yessir, 'cept that he seems to 'ave lost 'is sense of humor!"

Next Best

Young Albert came running home with a book under his arm, "Why, what's that, Albert?" his mother asked.

"It's a prize, mother."

"A prize? What for?"

"For natural history, mother. Teacher asked me how many legs an ostrich has, and I said three."

"But an ostrich has two legs."

"I know that now, mother, but the rest of the class said four, so I was nearest."

Substitute

Gerald: "What's she making that noise for, mummie?"

Mother: "She's crying for her mother, dear."

Gerald: "Why? Can't her mother cry for herself?"

Handicapped

Mother: "No, John. One helping of pudding is enough for a small boy."

John: "It seems funny, mother. You say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practise."

Sure Cure

"I say, old man, what's good for my complaint?" asked a sufferer from insomnia. "I haven't closed my eyes for five nights."

"Go in for boxing," replied his friend. "The first time I tried it, my eyes were closed for a week."

An Obliging Profession

Doctor: "Do you adhere to my rules in regard to drinking?"

Patient: "Yes, six glasses a day."

"But I limited you to three!"

"I know. But another doctor also allows me three."

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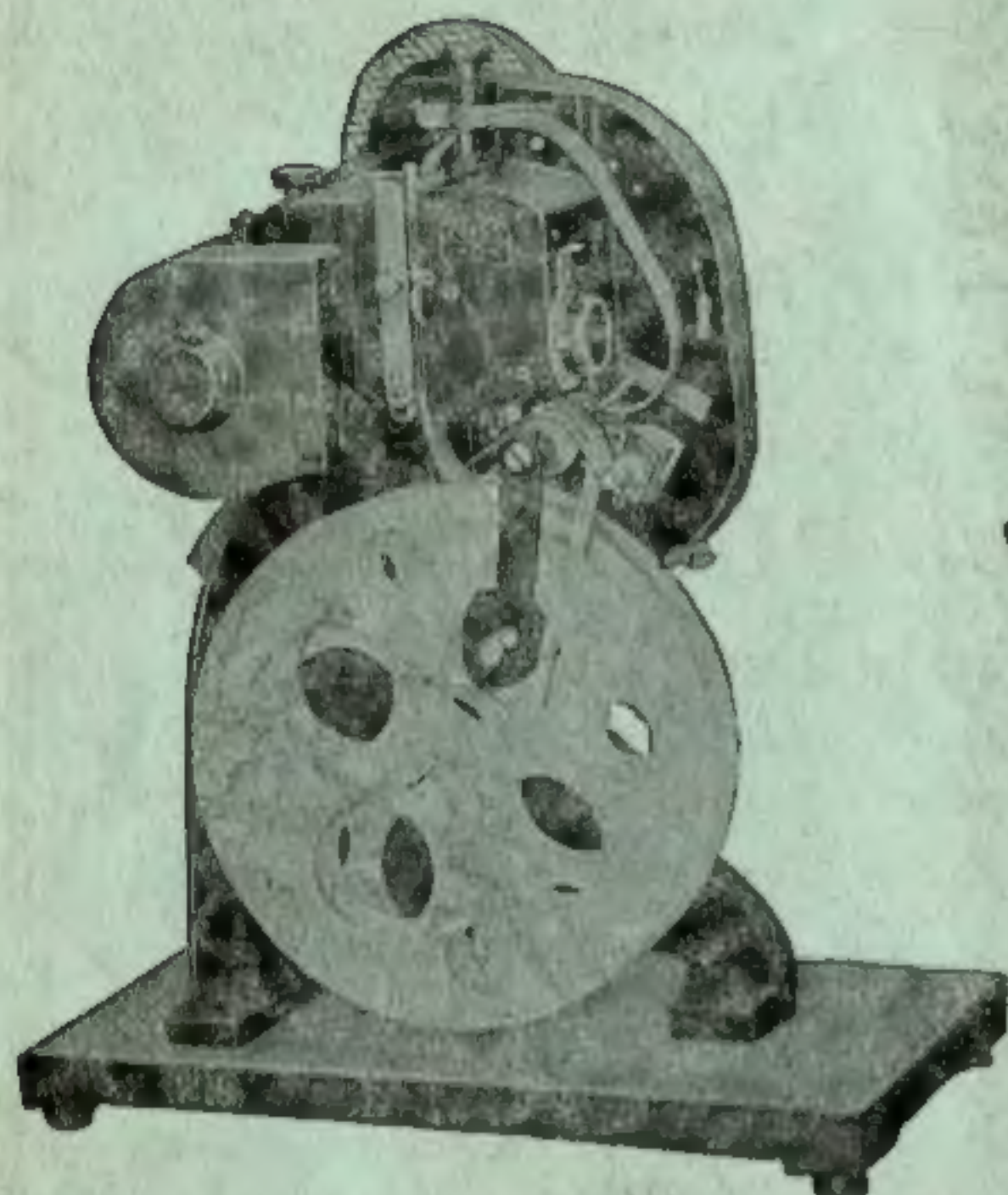
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